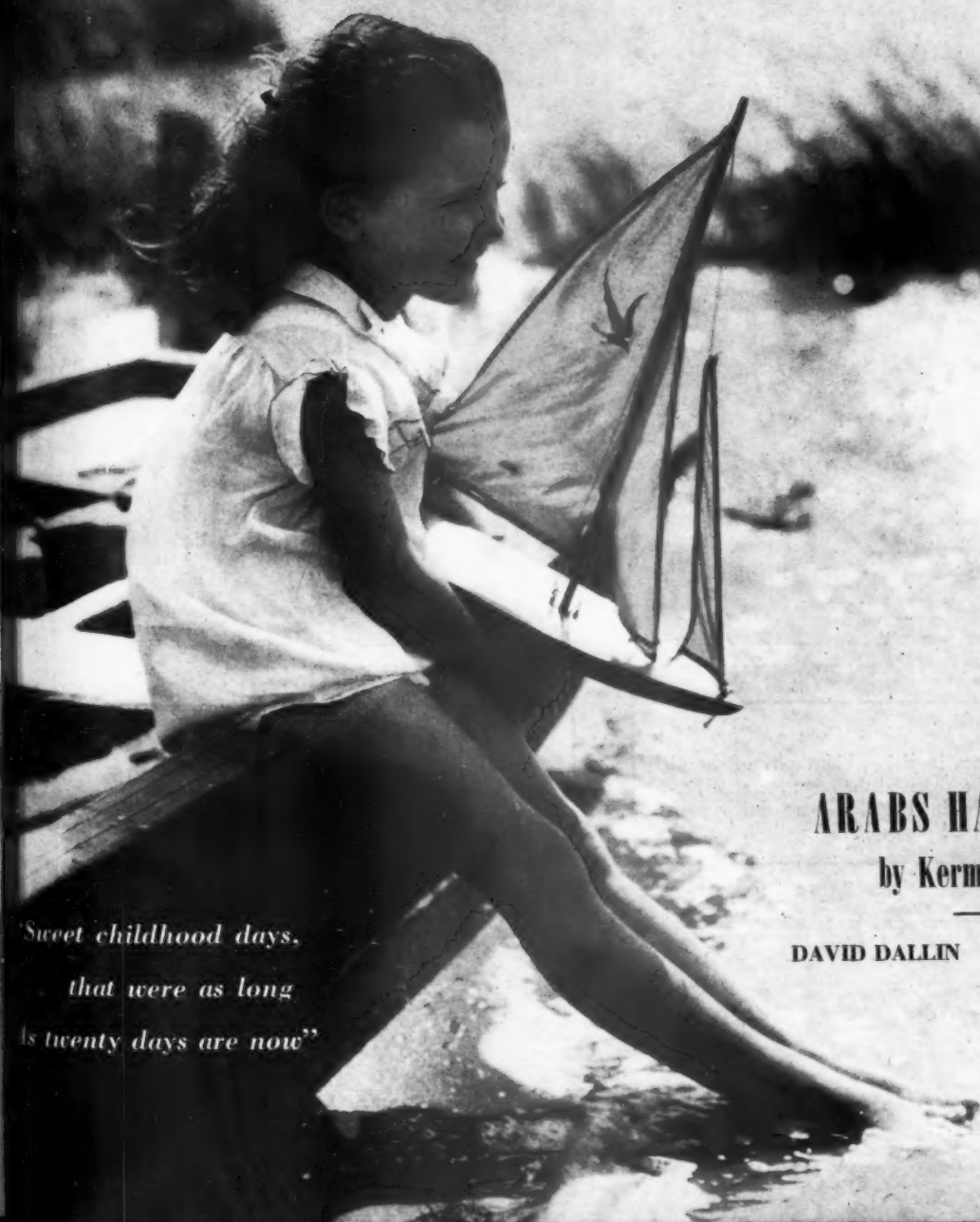




# *The Sign*

July 25¢

*National Catholic Magazine*



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by Kermit Roosevelt

DAVID DALLIN • ALFRED WILSON

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that were as long  
as twenty days are now'*

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# The Sign

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## EDITOR'S PAGE

# A Bad Record

**I**N camps and outside camps in Europe, there are still approximately 1,323,000 Displaced Persons. The following figures give an estimate of the number of DP's resettled by various countries from the end of World War II to the dates noted:

Argentina, Dec. 1, 1947.....	3,200
Australia, Feb. 12, 1948.....	1,699
Belgium, Nov. 30, 1947.....	25,000
Brazil, Jan. 31, 1948.....	3,500
Canada, Nov. 30, 1947.....	8,588
England, Nov. 30, 1947.....	36,000
France, Dec. 31, 1947.....	16,065
French North Africa, Dec. 31, 1947..	1,000
Netherlands, Nov. 30, 1947.....	1,672
Norway, Dec. 31, 1947.....	400
Paraguay, Feb. 12, 1948.....	2,465
United States, Dec. 31, 1947.....	29,054
Venezuela, Feb. 17, 1948.....	5,000
TOTAL .....	133,643

Although some slight changes have been made since the above figures were made available, the picture remains nevertheless essentially the same. And it isn't a pretty picture. Efforts of the member states of the U. N., as far as the DP's are concerned, have been effective chiefly in producing hot air. With many DP's already displaced these last three years, the U. N. members have been organizing the organization that is to help them, passing the buck to one another, and lecturing the Arabs for not receiving into Palestine Jews they themselves would not accept.

As the above figures indicate, we Americans have made a showing that should make us hang our heads in shame instead of haranguing the rest of the world in terms of moralistic self-righteousness. With vast tracts of untilled and unsettled land, with every variety of wealth, natural resources, and opportunities, we have accepted a mere handful of refugees. And while indulging this selfish, bigoted, dog-in-the-manger attitude, we have been the loudest in our condemnation of the Arabs, who merely ask that their country should not be taken away from them to provide space for an alien people.

Many mistakenly think that most of the DP's are Jewish and that Palestine is the logical place for them. Neither assumption is correct. Only 18 per cent of the DP's are Jewish. (Fifty-five per cent are Catholic and 27 per cent are Protestant.)

Nor is Palestine the solution of the problem except for a portion of the Jewish DP's. Palestine is only about the size of the State of Vermont, is poor in natural resources and arable land, has more than tripled in population (chiefly through immigration) in a few decades, and has already received over 58,000 Jewish DP's.

**I**T is possible that, through the use of force a Jewish state will be established in Palestine and that all Jewish DP's may go there. The only result will be to create a problem of Jewish DP's for the future. With such overpopulation, the Jewish state could be kept alive economically only by continuous injections of American gold. Furthermore, it could never be more than an island in an Arab sea, constantly exposed to the danger of being overwhelmed by superior force at a time when foreign help is not available.

Essentially, the problem of Jewish DP's is not much different from that of their Catholic and Protestant brothers in misery, and they should be extended the same helping hand. Fortunately, in the last days of the recent session, Congress became suddenly aware that there is still a DP problem. Perhaps we Americans may now venture to hope that our deeds will soon correspond with our words. If they do not, we should at least have the good grace to be silent and not lecture others on their duties to these homeless people who alternate between hope and despair as they await the hour of their deliverance.

*Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.*





## EDITORIALS IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT



*The world has deeply mourned the death of Father Flanagan. His life should inspire us to found many more "Boys Towns" to reclaim erring young boys.*

*Acme photos*



*Mrs. Muriel Draper (right) of New York, is shown at a pro-Soviet meeting in Rome. Such Americans do great harm to our cause of teaching democracy.*

THE Joint Congressional Committee on Labor-Management Relations conducted some interesting hearings last month on proposed amendments to the Taft-Hartley Law.

### Folly of Amending the Taft-Hartley Law

One of the changes most strongly argued was advanced by management. It was for legislation to override the National Labor Relations Board's

Inland Steel decision, which requires employers to bargain with employees on pensions. Now, interesting as the merits of this particular subject may be, it gains greater interest from the fact that it highlights the fundamental weakness of the law itself. Although the Taft-Hartley Act goes into a multiplicity of detail on many points in its endeavor to "equalize" the position of employers, it fails utterly to come to grips with the basic cause of industrial strife. And that is the ever-increasing encroachment of organized unionism on what management considers its own preserve. The question of pensions is only an example.

The way is weary and painful through which we are progressing toward a definition of union and management responsibility toward each other and toward the community under the present corporate setup. The talk of union responsibility, of which we have heard so much, is shallow so long as there is no public definition of managerial responsibility. Under the present legal status, unions have only one dominant responsibility—toward their members. Management has only one dominant responsibility—toward the owners. Beyond the legal necessity to bargain collectively with each other, there is no mutual responsibility incumbent on protagonists who should be partners, no duty incumbent on both toward the community of which they are so essential a part.

That the field of collective bargaining is an ever-widening one should be evident. Hours and wages have long since ceased to be the main issue. Now unions are bringing to the bargaining table demands for a say in prices, profits, finances; production schedules, distribution, personnel practices. All of these were once the sole prerogative of management, and labor was made to know it well. Now in many of these fields unions are already managing with management. And management's conundrum is to find the answer to the question: Where is it going to stop? The Taft-Hartley Law cannot be amended to answer that query. It just doesn't comprehend the basic problem.

There is no legal solution until society faces the fact that the modern corporate structure of industry must be put on a basis of economic democracy. Authority here should come from those to whom responsibility is owed, just as in civil society representatives owe responsibility to those from whom they derive the authority they wield. In a modern corporation responsibility is owed as a matter of fact to thousands of absentee and virtually voiceless owners whom



Acme photos

**Secretary Marshall challenges Russia to show her desire for peace by deeds and not by words. Unfortunately, the Russian ruse has fooled many.**



International

**Chiang Kai-Shek is shown after his inauguration as President. Though unwilling, he was re-elected. A rebuke to Leftists who lustily shout dictator.**

management is supposed to represent, to thousands of workers who give of their talents and their sweat, to the community itself who gave the corporation the charter whereby it found existence in the eyes of the law. Since responsibility is owed to these three sources, authority should be exercised by the same sources.

This means in practice that in running a corporation a board of directors answerable solely to the stockholders is not enough. Other voices must have their say. Along with the directors, and with equal authority, there should be a board of union officials responsible to the employees, a board of public officials responsible to the community at large. These three groups which are the agents of the three major corporate interests should discharge the directive function within the corporation, and under their joint decision should the top executives and administrative official conduct the business.

Revolutionary? Utopian? Visionary? Perhaps. But then so were Leo XIII and Pius XI when they stressed the partnership of capital and labor under the aegis of the state as the only solution to industrial conflict, when they recommended joint councils of workers and employees within an industry and throughout industry. Social institutions are changing, social values are changing. And Messrs. Taft and Hartley have proved to be uncomprehending guides.

WHETHER a man pores over his daily paper or gives it merely a fleeting inspection, whether he shows fidelity to every news broadcast and analysis or only haphazardly tunes

### The Holy Land and Political Zionism

in, he must almost certainly have noted what extremely fine coverage the self-proclaimed State of Israel has obtained.

One can only suspect that good politics and good business rather than the naked justice of the Zionist cause have made this so. Then, too, anti-Semitism is a label all liberal Christians wish to avoid (we seem to forget the Arabs are Semites too). Since it is so popular nowadays to be a liberal and since it is so easy to be labeled anti-Semitic by even so much as hinting the Zionists' case is not clear-cut, it becomes even more simple to understand why it is such a pro-Israeli hullabaloo is carried on.

We would like to point out a few chinks in the Zionist armor of unsullied righteousness. And we are not thinking of historical claims or legitimate aspirations. We are concerned with current facts. First of all, it is not true that American Jewry is solidly behind Israel. Second, it is not true that Palestinian Jews are welcoming the Zionist influx with unalloyed joy. Third, it is not true that the Holy Places suffered at the hands of the Arabs before the truce, were respected only by the Jews.

Many a Jewish citizen of the United States is feeling keenly embarrassed by the claims of Israel to be the state and the homeland of the Jewish People. No matter how deeply they may sympathize with their co-religionists, thousands of these Jewish fellow citizens of ours wish in no way to be associated with political Zionism. The American Council for Judaism has emphatically denounced any claims on them by the State of Israel and has gone on public record "to make clear the sharp distinction between Judaism and Zionism and between Israelis and Jews who are citizens of other nations; to insist that no Jew or organization of Jews can speak for or represent all the Jews of America." Perhaps some politicians and some businessmen and some liberals have overlooked this fact.

Just as the Zionist backing in America is not as solid as it would seem, so in Palestine itself. For the past three decades Zionist emigrants have left the Diaspora and settled along side the Yishuv (Jews of Palestine) for whose orthodoxy they have had scant reverence. The breach between the Ortho-

THE SIGN

dox and the Zionist Jews is covered up, but the friction is rising. It is interesting to note that when the Jewish Agency wanted to mobilize native Palestinian Jews for the civil war, the Orthodox consented only on condition that they have separate units. Even then they had to insist on special religious safeguards. Widespread religious indifferences on the part of latecomers and newcomers to Palestine does not mix at all well with the Wailing Wall tradition and the fierce Orthodox clinging to observance of the Law. This religious schism is a factor the rah-rah boys for Israel might take into consideration.

Nor would it harm them, save perhaps to dampen their enthusiasm a bit, to consider that the Christian Holy Places in Jerusalem were violated not by Arabs but by Jews. At this writing three Catholic priests have been killed, one of them a Passionist Father, Father John Salah, who was killed by a bullet as he entered the Church of the Sisters of Charity on the Mount of Olives to say Mass. These priests died under Jewish fire. The blame for this and the military occupation or destruction of Christian shrines has been put squarely at the doors of the Jews, not by a few Arab-sympathizing ecclesiastics, but by the Latin, the Greek Orthodox, the Armenian, and the Coptic patriarchates, and by the Greek Catholic and the Armenian Catholic vicariates.

The Holy Land of all the lands in this wide world of ours should be a land of peace. The Prince of Peace lived His mortal life there. Christendom crusaded to make that land free of desecration. And now what was once Christendom falters as it watches two non-Christian peoples struggle for mastery of the Holy Land. This much is certain, no solution based solely on Zionist propaganda is going to be a genuine solution. Those who have been sold by this propaganda would do extremely well to re-examine an untenable position.

ON June 8 the Macmillan Company published one of the strangest novels that has come off a printing press in a long while. It is called *Walden Two* and is written by Indiana University's Dr. B. F. Skinner, who like his associates, Kinsey and company, is apparently committed to a thoroughly behavioristic interpretation of

### Man Reduced to a Monstrosity

human conduct. It seems safe to predict that only those who are unusually interested in political and social science or who have dabbled in psychology will find the heart to plow through 266 pages of almost continuous argumentation about the merits and demerits, the aims and the achievements of an imaginary socialistic Utopia called *Walden Two*. Dr. Skinner has produced an exceedingly dull novel. But whoever wrote the interest-catcher on the book's jacket certainly aimed it at a responsive chord in the heart of modern man. It runs like this:

"Do you ever get tired of hustling and worrying? Would you like to find a place to live where you'd have to work only a few hours a day . . . where you'd have unlimited opportunity to pursue your interest and hobbies . . . where none of your neighbors were ever jealous, or angry or afraid? Then you should move to *Walden Two*."

Of course the blurb writer hastens to remind prospective readers that *Walden Two* exists at present only in the imagination of Mr. Skinner. But reassurance is provided for those perennial hopefuls who are always looking for a panacea which will remove all of life's ills and heartaches; *Walden Two* is described as "the kind of dream that can be translated into reality."

The only reason a book like this deserves mention in an editorial column is that it represents another pagan distortion of the nature of man. It presupposes that man is manipulated ruthlessly by the forces of his environment. And the "dream" that it envisions is not of a day when a



Italian, German, and Japanese war brides admire the American flag. Slow, ineffective legislation allows few DP's to share in their happiness.



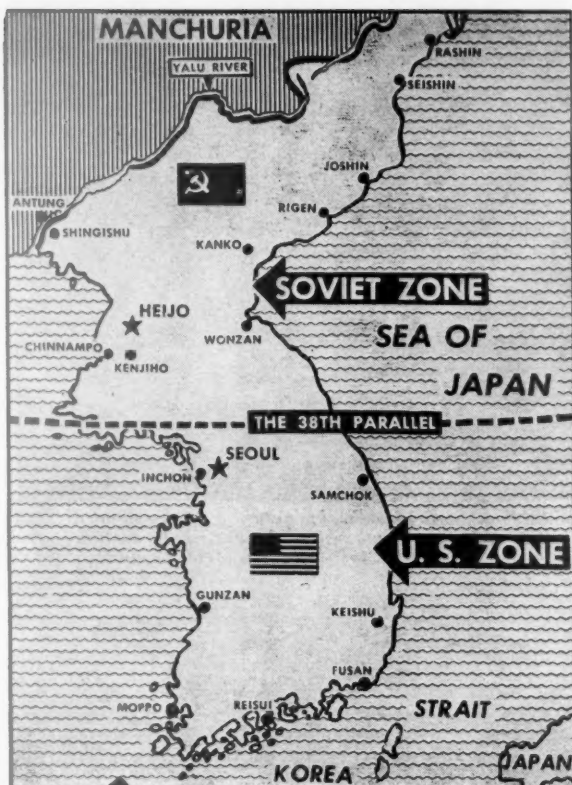
French women in the fields. France is trying desperately to raise enough food this Summer. The success of ERP depends on their efforts.



Acme photos

The Indians were sad when the government bought a large tract of their best land for a dam. We hope these much offended Americans will benefit by it.





International photos

*This map shows how Korea is cut in two by Soviet intrigue. This peaceful nation has a right to unity. Russia plans to keep it divided and conquered.*



*Sgt. George Bell of Chicago teaches German boys the American version of soccer. Sports play a great part in rehabilitating these war-weary boys.*

free creature will pursue his self-development in a congenial environment, but rather of a day when the strings that pull the puppets hither and yon will be placed finally in the right hands.

In Walden Two the strings are put into the hands of a domineering and overbearing megalomaniac called T. E. Frazier whose philosophy of government, presumably an offshoot of Mr. Skinner's own psychological theories, is called "behaviorial engineering." It has no place for God or religion, for a theology or a priesthood; all these are consigned to the category of age-old exploiters. Yet there are no jails or police records in Walden Two because everybody is so utterly reasonable. Founder Frazier is so skillful at eliciting predictable behavior by creating a well-designed environment that all the citizens of Walden Two are simply engineered into righteousness. They are all healthy and well-fed and remarkably cultured. But they are nonetheless human monstrosities, worshipping at the feet of a man whose insane pride makes him unashamed to play at being God. Man is swallowed by a plan, and the planning is not of his own making.

**EVEN** as a "dream" Walden Two is still only in the blueprint stage. But were it already a reality, it would not be a dream but a horrible nightmare. Author Skinner, like so

### Only Christ Can Make Him Whole

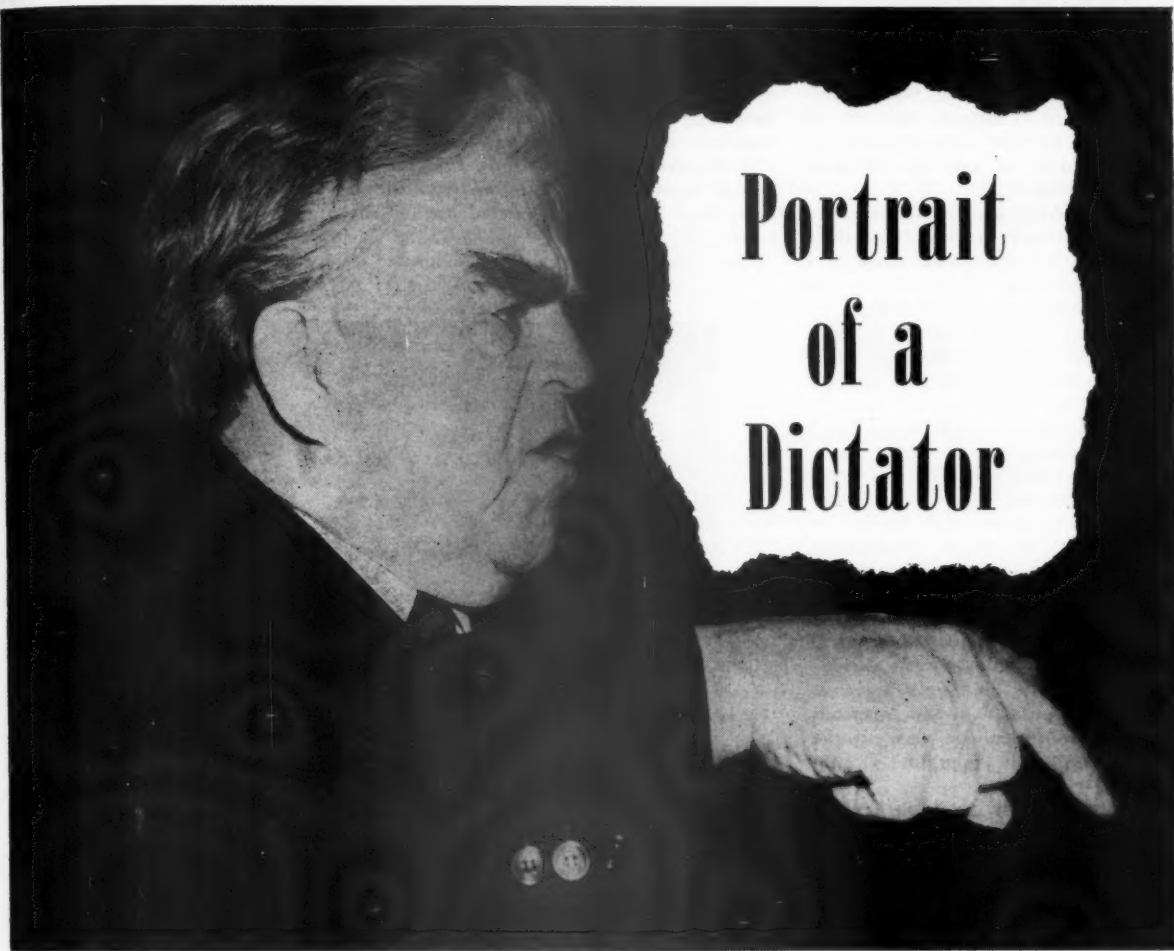
many modern prophets with their recipes for happiness, dehumanizes man. For just as soon as you think of man's needs exclusively, or even primarily, in terms of physical well-being and social security, you rob him of what makes him most a man—his vocation to know and love God. Good meals, a congenial job, and suitable recreational outlets are blessings which every man should have, but it is naïve optimism for self-constituted saviours to feel that they can solve humanity's problem of finding happiness simply by giving men the kind of advantages enjoyed by a well-kept racing horse or a pampered house dog. No naturalistic formula can ever meet the needs of a man with a supernatural destiny, a wounded human nature, and a pathetic need of divine grace. And to imagine that it can is to empty human life of the high adventure of a career designed for men by God and ignored only at the price of becoming a monstrosity.

If the hustle and bustle of twentieth century living is an escapist flight from boredom, it isn't simply a case of grand-scale maladjustment in the psychological sense of that term. If men are chronically unhappy today, their cure lies not in the hands of the psychiatrists. Their cure is still in the hands of Christ. It is only He, and not some foggy-brained social philosopher, who can tell them that they are children of God, with minds destined to know Him with the familiar knowledge of a member of His family. It is only Christ who can tell men that such familiar knowledge of God will come to them, not because they are cultured enough to read the philosophers and to delight in the creations of artists and musicians, but because they are pure of heart. And it is only Christ who can give them purity of heart. Only Christ can enable them to see God.

No matter how plausible the plan may sound, you can't make men just simply by giving them a lecture on the need of a community spirit. You can't make them chaste simply by giving them sex instruction in time to avoid psychic traumas. And even if a naturalistic formula happens to produce a so-called good pagan once in a while, the formula is not likely to include a cure for that egotistical complacency which glories in the achievements of its own rugged reasonableness and despises that poor benighted lesser breed which is still tossed about by human emotions. The good pagan is a misshapen, dehumanized man, and only Christ can make him whole.



# Portrait of a Dictator



*John L. Lewis in characteristic pose—expressing an opinion which in his mind has the force of law* Press Association

**John L. Lewis has done much for his miners**

**—but in such a way that he has injured**

**the American labor movement**

**by VICTOR RIESEL**

ONE night last Fall I was the guest of two of Hollywood's most intelligent and skilled movie players at a banquet given by the San Francisco Press Club. The film stars, though delegates to the AFL convention, were comparative newcomers to labor circles and were able to see in the off-the-record guest speaker talents to which professional union officials and newspapermen like myself had long become accustomed, and by which we were more than slightly bored.

The film stars, Walter Pidgeon and Edward Arnold, didn't for one moment of the hour-and-a-half talk, shift their attention from the speaker. Later, after having watched him shake his graying long hair, snort and chuckle in his deep bass, and stand with hands pressed to each side of his beer-barrel chest for ninety minutes, the screen players said humbly that the speaker had given one of the best performances they had ever witnessed. They had just seen John L. Lewis play John L. Lewis as the author,

John L. Lewis, thought John L. Lewis should be played.

That speech was a rehearsal for a moment to come at the AFL convention in San Francisco's huge Civic Auditorium later that week. There, in almost the same words, Lewis insulted some six hundred of his colleagues, many of whom were as powerful in their own fields as the number one coal digger was in the coal industry.

Every bit of that speech was hammed. Every bit of it was superbly insulting. Lewis rose quietly in one corner of the vast hall. Then he walked slowly the length of the auditorium, taking short, deliberate steps so that it seemed like a half hour while the silent—and I mean silent—delegates waited for him to mount

the stairs to the platform and begin his taunting philippic.

Lewis was addressing the skilled and successful rulers of the most powerful labor coalition in the world.

He told them they had no heads, just a neck with hair grown over. He called them cowards. He belittled their intelligence. And then, because they wouldn't agree with him, he sulkily said he'd quit.

There, in two acts, you have John L. Lewis. Except for this. Had he been able to compromise and grant others the intelligence and capacity to share leadership with him, the AFL delegates would have given him whatever he wanted. Had he been able to compromise with their united desire to conform with the

Taft-Hartley Law's anti-communist affidavit clause, they would have given him virtual leadership of the Federation.

They would have cheered him, had he said, "I disagree with you, but I recognize your right to disagree with me. I won't stand in your way. I resign as vice-president so you can sign the non-communist affidavits."

And the AFL leaders would have handed a graciously yielding Lewis their new Political League and made him their political chief and boss of an eight million dollar fund. But he sulked. So they ignored him. It was his old irrepressible compulsion to demand all-or-nothing leadership which cost him his friends and their support.

That has long been John L. Lewis.

But the weakness for hamming it, the penchant for dramatics, the eagerness to project his ego through stentorian Shakespearean phrases and Jovian insults, can't hide the job he has done for the miners. For Lewis has an extraordinary record, even if it was frequently accomplished at considerable cost not only to the nation's industrialists but to the rest of the labor movement as well.

How was Lewis able to swing such power that he outmaneuvered American presidents from Coolidge even to the workingman's own Franklin Delano Roosevelt?

Much of the answer lies in a piece of press wire copy which is being put on my desk even as I write this. And were I to write similar pieces for years to come, stories echoing this one would come across this desk day after day after day.

First is a wire photo with an almost Dostoevskian aura of suffering and sorrow. A scene I've witnessed so many times before and will see again whenever I go into the coal fields. There, slumped outside a mine office, sit young men and middle-aged women, some with their weeping faces on their open palms, waiting for word from their entombed men.

The accompanying story is datelined Scranton, smoggy Scranton there in the heart of the hard coal area, there in the heart of the cave-in area where whole buildings disappear into suddenly gigantically yawning chasms where there had been solid earth a moment before. This short piece, just two paragraphs unnoticed in your daily paper, said tersely, "The last of three miners trapped 200 feet underground by a rockfall was brought out dead by rescue workers today. The body of Anthony Brezak, 34, Pittston, was found crushed beneath tons of rock and coal by volunteer workers who dug for more than twenty-four hours in a futile effort to reach him alive. Mr. Brezak died beneath a second rockfall last night. Two companions were killed in a cave-in Wednesday."

Is it any wonder that the coal diggers are eager to strike? They know that when they take a holiday, death takes a holiday in the darkened, dampened, dust-filled pits. They know that of those who go down into the shaft each morning, an average of three or four will die, crushed by falling roof rock, injured by slag or machines, or blasted by sudden asphyxiating, gaseous explosions.

And that's where Lewis' hamming

And the miner's children? They play the same games and sports enjoyed by other kids elsewhere—except for the fact that the rocky and mountainous terrain has made some sports virtually unknown. It's not a spot for roller skating, and the youngsters must go long distances to find places large and flat enough to play softball, baseball, football, and similar games.

What has Lewis done to ease all this? Very little, indeed, to alleviate the



*Devotion of the miners to Lewis is understandable. In a few years he has obtained for them a long list of benefits*

comes in useful. The miners find his drive for dramatics just what they need to arouse, even if for a moment, a coal-consuming, coal-dependent but unnoticed nation. And the coal diggers feel they must have Lewis to glower, shake his mane, point an accusing finger at the operators, the government, the people, and shout:

"Coal is already saturated with the blood of too many men and drenched with the tears of too many surviving widows and orphans."

That's the moment when the coal diggers feel they have a friend and leader in their overacting, disdainful "John."

But what of the living and uninjured? Mining is hard work. Sometimes the ceiling is low, and the coal digger works on his knees, or stooped over four or five miles from the mouth of the shaft. At all times he is sharply aware that falls of roof or top are the most frequent cause of injuries.

And what of his family? If there were but one device on the banner of the miner's wife it would be the washtub with crossed broom and mop. The dirt in the average mining camp makes it that way.

drudgery of the mining towns. Unlike the other big unions, the United Mine Workers (independent) have few educational directors. There are no radio classes. No theatricals. No gamerooms. No university extension courses. No scholarships to universities. No union health clinics like those the other large labor organizations boast. No vacation playlands. No effort to use motion pictures to lighten the humdrum local meetings.

**H**OWEVER, Lewis' score on gains is monumental. First, he did build a powerful union. And in the last decade it has made tremendous progress.

Safety rules were on a loose statewide basis in 1940. Today there are stricter federal responsibilities. Ten years ago, compensation for accidents was not compulsory. Today it is in all states. Wage rates were lower in the South. Now the differential has been wiped out. A miner drew no pay while he was traveling as much as four or five miles from the shaft-head to the face of the mine. Today the coal diggers are paid "portal-to-portal" for an hour of underground travel time every day. Then there was no vacation pay. Today every miner

gets a holiday early in July and a \$100 check with it. And Lewis is fighting for \$250.

Then there was no extra pay for night work. Today there is a four-cent-an-hour bonus for the first shift and six cents for the second trick.

Then there was no health and welfare fund. Today it is growing at the rate of \$50,000,000 a year and Lewis expects to spend the money as fast as the fund rakes it in. Then a widow got \$100 death benefit. Today she receives \$1,000.

Then there was no lunch time pay. Today the miner eats on company time. Then tools and equipment were supplied by the coal digger. Today much of his gear comes from the company.

Only eight years ago the miners earned about 85 cents an hour. Now they make \$1.63 cents, which is two cents higher than the average auto worker receives under the new pay hike at General Motors. Years ago their take-home pay was two or three dollars, and sometimes this was given in company store script. Today they make \$84.82 for 48 hours.

So far the welfare fund has helped 49,981 persons who were in desperate need of funds. Of these, 12,734 were widows of miners and 37,247 were disabled members of the UMW. In all there were 150,000 pleas for aid from

men whose days of coal mining were ended abruptly and violently; the men with broken backs who have spent uncoun- ted, monotonously agonizing days and nights abed; the men relegated to a wheelchair for the rest of their lives—are being helped by the UMW Health Service Division set up by the trustees of the UMW Welfare and Retirement Fund.

**L**EWIS has done much for his miners—but by standards of other unions he still falls far short. He has thundered about the dead; yet he has not toured the coal fields battling on the spot for better safety measures. He has not fought for new housing or the modernization of company homes and communities.

His union has done little to help its members to buy their own homes and to give its followers advice and legal assistance in such purchases. The Mine Workers' leader has been too busy playing national power politics and maneuvering in and out of the organized labor movement to think of such things for his people as the establishment of a National Office of Recreation, employing a competent professional director and staff to promote, advise, and guide recreation activities in the miner's communities.

Nor has he democratized his union.

some twenty of the union's thirty district presidents. In other words, twenty of the key miners districts are still considered "provisional" and are still awaiting first-class citizenship rights in the UMW. At this late date this is the kind of arrogance, this disfranchisement of some two hundred thousand coal diggers, which antagonizes the public and provokes it into legislative attacks on all labor.

This studied disdain for the opinions of others, this artificial loftiness which has moved him to talk of himself as "Mr. Lewis" and "The President of the United Mine Workers" like some Graustarkian courtier speaking of his fictional monarch, this histrionic penchant for ridiculing brother labor leaders, this quality which had him striding aloof and alone in and out of four wartime strikes, this immature petulance which has taken him in and out of the AFL and CIO—all this has harmed him and the laboring people, too.

He has hurt himself by finally cutting himself off from most of his friends. Today he is a lonely man, not particularly successful, if you judge him either by the standards of the big steel union of Phil Murray or the auto union of Walter Reuther.

By this deliberate self-isolation he has deprived union circles of one of the most dynamic personalities and labor strategists in history. By deliberately remaining aloof and arrogant and disdainful of anything but his own dramatic success (which on closer examination seldom turns out to be worth all the sound and fury he puts into each show) he has given all labor the worst public relations it has ever had. By ignoring the public's interest, he has so aroused and angered the people that they supported drastic labor legislation, not only in the form of the Taft-Hartley law, but in some thirty states where local laws are much more stringent than the loosely worded Labor-Management Act of 1947.

Furthermore, to win his recent strikes, he created an atmosphere which has permitted the return of government injunctions in labor disputes. And he cost his own union some \$2,100,000 in fines, and many, many thousands more in legal fees.

He has won much for the miners. But his rugged individualism has won more for himself. Had he been less the lone wolf, he might have made a fewer headlines but many more friends for the coal diggers and the labor people everywhere. And good will means good pay envelopes. That's one thing Lewis has just begun to learn. But it is too late in life for him. Not even his new competent press agents will be able to tame the lion, despite his graying mane.



*John L. Lewis and Senator Robert Taft in momentary gesture of friendship. Ideologically they are at opposite poles*

the mining patches. Lewis is trying to reach all his people.

Back in 1940 there were no pensions for needy, retired miners. Today there is a \$100 a month pension for miners 62 years of age and over, who quit work in the past two years.

Then there was no health service for the coal diggers. Today the "human wreckage" of the coal industry—the

And, no matter what Lewis has done for his union, many people in and out of the labor movement have been alienated by his rigid personal control of the UMW. It isn't so much that he has been its president for twenty-eight years, or that he dominates the 250-man policy committee.

What is much more objectionable is the fact that he personally appoints



# Nine



It came straight at him, the great jaws opening

THE single bare mast of the "Lucinda" thrust up at the stars above San Pedro like a black pointer. The harbor was quiet. But to Roger Lunt, alone on his brother's sixty-foot work boat, the gurgle and suck of water alongside and the creaking of the mooring lines seemed strangely loud.

Then suddenly there was another sound, a muffled squeal. It seemed to come from the shadows near the foot of the dock.

For several minutes Roger watched. Maybe he was imagining things. Sea life was new to him. He had just joined the crew several days before when high school had closed for the summer. There was some sort of trouble aboard that he didn't understand.

Roger stiffened suddenly at the faint sound of steps. He saw José then, their expert Mexican diver, moving out of the shadows, a sack slung over his back.

"You alone, Roger?" he asked in an undertone.

Roger nodded. "What have you got?" "Just a little good luck." José flashed his wide white smile. "You will say nothing of this, *amigo*, until we have put to sea in the morning. You promise?"

Roger didn't like it. Yet, José was his friend. José had been giving him deep-sea diving lessons and sent him down to the bottom of the harbor several times during the last few days. "A boy," he had said, "who is big enough to fill a suit is big enough to dive."

"All right, José," Roger agreed. "I'll turn my back. Now I can't see whether you bring anything aboard or not."

He smothered his curiosity and tried to forget all about the incident. But they were hardly two hours beyond the San Pedro headlands the next morning when his brother Allen bellowed with rage from the foredeck.

Roger came running up. "What's the matter, Allen?"

"That good-for-nothing José brought Sophie back again!"

"Sophie?"

"Right there." He pointed to a wooden crate lashed to the mast. There was a small white pig in it with blue eyes. "I told José if he brought that pig on another trip, I'd fire him."

"But you can't do that," Roger said. "He's your best diver!"



# Fathom Trap

by WILLIS LINDQUIST

**It was Roger's first trip to the floor  
of the ocean, but an enraged killer whale  
was bent on making it his last**

ILLUSTRATED BY BILL GREGG

Allen rolled his eyes skyward as he did when everything was hopeless. "My own brother," he moaned. "That's what the rest of the crew think. They all want Sophie aboard for good luck. I'm tired of superstition. And I'm not having any more pet pigs on my ship!"

With a rumble in his throat, he went aft to find José. Roger watched him with a puzzled look on his face. It seemed to him that Allen had changed from a happy-go-lucky fellow into a crank.

Allen and José glared at each other every now and then during all that day. The rest of the crew were sullen. Roger felt uneasy. It wasn't right, he thought, for Allen to make so much over a small pig. But there was nothing he could do about it.

They passed some seal rocks the second morning out. The seals covered the rocks, thousands of them.

"Listen to them bark," Allen said. "They are all half starved and they don't dare go in the water."

"Sharks?" Roger asked. "I saw two big ones this morning."

Allen shook his head. "Killer whale, I think. A big pack of them have been working the coast. Some underwater pictures of killer whales would really bring me some money, but there's no safe way of getting them."

Roger understood. Killer whales were the most feared killers that a diver could face. There wasn't a living thing in the sea that they wouldn't attack and eat.

Sophie was let out to run the deck for a while. Allen grumbled about it, but even he could see that she was better off with some exercise.

The accident happened at noon when they came over the kelp gardens where Allen was going to take pictures of sea life and test some new underwater color film for the Kardigan Film Company.

Someone let go the hook before the sail had been taken in. The "Lucinda" came around with a jerk, bending her

mainsail. A line snapped and the boom swung viciously. There was a squeal and the next moment Sophie was thrashing about in the sea.

José dove in and brought her to deck. He felt of her bones, looked her over anxiously. "Just bruised," he said, glancing up at Allen.

"It's a good thing there was no blood," Allen snapped. "We'd have a pack of sharks going crazy around the boat. Wouldn't get to dive for the rest of the day. That's the kind of luck Sophie brings."

Sophie was hurt more badly than they first thought. José couldn't make her stand on her feet. She seemed to get worse, and he flatly refused to leave her when it came his turn to dive for pictures.

Allen had been down for an hour, which was about all he could stand at nine fathoms. Roger slipped into the suit and went down before his brother was rested enough to make a fuss.

There was a deathly silence on the ocean floor, white patches of sand through the towering forests of kelp seaweed, tall grasses that waved lazily in the current, all seen through ripples of silver-green light.

The camera came down on a line of its own. "Got it," he said into the mouthpiece.

"Now, don't take pictures of scenery," Allen's metallic voice said. "Get some life. Move around. I'll give you half an hour. You can't take much more than that."

Small fish floated by as he walked, thin ones, round ones, some with spots, others with stripes. They nosed against the glass plate of his helmet.

A large shadow passed over him. It was a big fish of some sort. He forgot about it a moment later as he entered a sunken grotto with standing rock walls that looked like the ruins of an ancient castle.

A school of threadlike fish needled out of a dark crevice in the rock wall and disappeared into the kelp as he ap-

proached. A small octopus followed. He took pictures as it swam away in swift, jerky glides.

The shadow of the big fish came back. It was closer now, something heavier and longer than a shark. He turned his camera up at it.

Perhaps it was that sudden movement, or the sound of the camera humming, that made the fish turn suddenly and glide down toward him in a sweeping curve.

It was merely curious, Roger told himself, trying to keep calm. He kept the camera on it until it whipped through the water in a sudden burst of speed.

It came straight at him, the great jaws opening. In that instant he saw the fish clearly for the first time, the white underside, dark back, the huge flippers and flukes, and he knew what it was—the killer whale.

Roger backed into the narrow crevice in the rock wall. Five feet back was all he could go. His camera was still humming when the killer smashed into the crevice.

Roger felt his knees sag with relief. The crevice was too narrow for the whale.

It churned and thrashed at the entrance, raising the sand and silt of the ocean floor in a silver-gray cloud. An evil round eye stared at him from only a few feet away.

Enraged, the killer dashed head on against the rock time and again. The great jaws snapped and ripped at the rock edges.

The rock seemed soft as sandstone. Corners of it crumbled away under the punishing grind of the conelike teeth.

Roger drew back, cold with terror. It seemed that the jaws were coming closer.

"Roger!" Allen's voice said. "How does it go?"

He had to swallow before he could get his voice. "I—I'm trapped in a cave. There's a killer whale trying to bite his way in. He's gone crazy."

Before Allen could answer the killer left suddenly. He went up, bumping his flukes, and finally disappeared above the kelp forest.

"Listen, Allen," Roger cried. "He just went away. I'm coming up."

"Don't be a fool! Stay where you are," shouted Allen. "He'd get you before you got half way. Maybe he's just coming up for air. Yep! He's breathing about a hundred yards away. Now he's blowing. Stay where you are. He's sounding again. Tell me if you see anything."

The kelp suddenly burst aside as the killer came spearing in. The impact of its blow against the mouth of the crevice sent a hammering wave of water pres-



*He saw José moving out of the shadows*

sure against Roger's stomach. He felt dizzy, weak.

"Watch your lines!" Allen warned. "Keep them down on the floor. If the killer brushes one of them . . ." He didn't finish.

He didn't need to. Roger knew. If the air line parted, he would have exactly eight minutes of air left in his suit. Then it would be the end.

The whale left for another blow at the surface. Roger reported it again in a strained voice. "There it goes down," Allen said, "Try to get pictures of it. Keep grinding away. This is the kind of pictures they've been trying to get for years. Valuable stuff, every foot of it!"

Roger sagged weakly against the wall. He knew what Allen was trying to do. Allen wanted to keep him busy so he wouldn't think about how he felt.

It seemed like a good idea. It took all the strength he had left to train the camera on the furious blur of eyes and gleaming teeth. He felt the hum of the camera through his finger tips.

His bare hands were cold and blue. But inside the suit he was hot, sticky with perspiration. He was breathing in short little breaths that didn't seem to reach down into his lungs. The air pumped down by the compressor smelled stale and rubbery.

He wondered how long he had been down. How long could he stand it?

The killer whale kept tearing away at the rock like an insane beast. Little by little the stone was crumbling, the entrance rounding, under the force of its attack.

The whale seemed as fresh still as when it had started. Two or three hours more and it might reach him. It would not give up.

But that didn't seem important. Roger knew he couldn't last much longer. The camera had slipped from his fingers—he couldn't remember how long ago.

Suddenly he saw his life line tighten. It crept up along the corner of the crevice. He tried frantically to push it down with his hand.

The white teeth banged against the rock again. The line snapped. The loose end floated down at his feet. Darkness came before his eyes.

"Hold on, Roger!" Allen's voice seemed like a great roar. The tump, tump, tump of the compressor pump hammered his ears so loudly the pain of it shot through his head.

Roger didn't tell him the life line was parted. There was no chance for escape. Allen must know that.

"José killed his pig. He's poured blood in the water. There go some chunks of fresh pork."

What good could that do? Roger wondered. It would only be a swallow for the killer. Then it would come back, more hunger maddened than ever.

"That—that's swell," he said faintly.

The pumps seemed to go faster. They hammered louder. His head sagged in the side of the helmet, his eyes closed. It was so quiet sometimes, then the rush of sounds again. He was too tired to be afraid.

How long it was before he heard Allen's voice again, he couldn't imagine.

But suddenly it was crushing into his ears. "It worked, Roger! Listen, now, get out of there fast!"

**WILLIS LINDQUIST**, Minnesota-born lawyer, served in the Merchant Marine in World War II. He has written for "National Geographic" and other publications.

Roger opened his eyes. The entrance was quiet. The killer whale had gone! He came out, forcing his strength, stumbling.

"I'm clear," he said. "My life line is gone."

"Makes no difference," replied Allen. "Close the outlet valve. Blow up your suit with air like José showed you. Then get out of those lead weights on your feet and you'll shoot up."

Roger followed instructions. His suit ballooned. The instant he worked out of the weights on his feet he began to lift. Darkness came.

He was being decompressed in a hot bath when he came to on board the "Lucinda." Allen stood over him forcing him to take some pills for his headache.

"Don't talk until you feel better," Allen said. "It's a good thing you forgot to take the line off the camera. We got that, too."

José rubbed his head with something that stung.

"Little Sophie bring us good luck, Roger," he said.

"What happened?"

Allen grinned. "José drew in a pack of sharks with Sophie's blood. When the killer came up to blow, it saw them. It caught four or five of them and was chasing after the rest when we lost sight of it toward the horizon."

Allen placed his hand on José's shoulder. "We've got you and Sophie to thank for it, José."

"Sophie's got a sister," José suggested shyly.

"I'll buy her for you," Allen said. "What we need most is another Sophie."

It was then Roger saw the rest of the crew. They were all grinning and nodding as though it was a wonderful idea.

**THE SIGN**

A true story of a German woman who,  
at the request of an Archbishop,  
undertook a secret and dangerous  
mission of charity

# THE VALIANT WOMAN

by FABIAN FLYNN, C.P.

ILLUSTRATED BY ARDIS HUGHES



*From eight o'clock at night till six in the morning,  
the Gestapo questioned, cajoled, and threatened*

IN THE fast falling, March twilight, the ruins of ancient Freiburg seemed more depressing and tragic than ever. Etched against the fading streaks of dying western light, they formed a grim and weird silhouette of utter desolation, a mute and ineffaceable reminder of the madness, the futility, and the stark horror of all war. The handful of people who scurried along the silent, near deserted streets, heads into the strong March winds, seemed almost unreal, like phantom figures in some massive and macabre setting.

From my tiny window I looked out across the bleak wasteland, all that remains of this once picturesque medieval town; over the rubble and debris to the hulking heap that was the University. The gilded hands of the tower clock still stand at seven-forty-eight, the hour the bombs fell. Across the chipped and scarred façade of the tenantless and rubble-strewn Arts and Science Building is an inscription dug in letters of gold and, by one of those freak accidents of bombing, preserved intact: "The Truth Shall Make You Free."

A knocking at the door cut short my idle musing, and I turned to see the door open for a small woman with

bright blue eyes and a pleasant, amiable face. Though small, she was sturdy and of typical peasant stock. Her clothes looked all the world like the tag end of a rummage sale. Her ancient felt hat perched on a head of wispy gray hair. But it was her eyes that one noticed most. Limpid and sparkling, they were of the brightest blue. There was kindness in them and strength.

My caller was Fraulein Doktor L., Professor of Social Sciences at Freiburg, with graduate degrees from Manchester and the Sorbonne, and a case worker for CARITAS, the Federation of German Catholic Charities. We had met before very briefly and rather formally at various gatherings connected with charitable projects. From others I had heard snatches of her remarkable story. After we had discussed and settled the business that had brought her, I asked a leading question and was rewarded with hearing the entire story from her own lips.

It really began in the autumn of 1933, when the Archbishop of Freiburg summoned Fraulein Doktor L., and asked her, for the love of God, to undertake a secret and most dangerous mission. It was one in which discovery by the ubiquitous Gestapo would lead surely to

the horrors of the concentration camp or even, perhaps, to death. Bravely and without a moment's hesitation, Fraulein Doktor L. accepted the Archbishop's assignment. From that moment and for the next ten years she would never know a night that was not haunted by fear or by the feeling that she was being watched. She would not know a day free from worry, anxiety, and grave personal danger. Binding her by an oath of secrecy, the Archbishop commissioned her to the hazardous work of aiding Jews who were victims or targets of Nazi persecution and terror.

Before the ultimate collapse of the Nazi terror, six million Jews would be foully murdered by these sadistic madmen for the sole crime of being born Jews. But for the efforts of courageous souls like the Archbishop of Freiburg and Fraulein Doktor L., the carnage would have been even greater. Doubtless, the full story of the activities of the German Catholic Bishops in behalf of the persecuted Jews of Europe will never be told. But it would certainly cause some surprises to many Jews and not a few Catholics.

For ten years this intrepid woman traveled the length and breadth of Nazi



# TO A ROBIN SINGING IN THE DUSK

by ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH

*Is it not enough, bright-breasted one,  
To sing in the dawn and in the sun?  
To chant from a tall tree's bane  
Approval of the rain?*

*Yet here in the thrushes' hour,  
When hills of sunset bud and flower,  
You sing again.*

*I need not question why you sing—  
If mood or chance or gay design—  
Because your song is answering:  
There are no seasons,  
No rain or shine,  
No dawn or dark  
To the singing heart!*

Germany spending herself in her perilous work. More than once she escaped detection or arrest by a mere matter of minutes or by some hairbreadth stroke of good fortune. She now recalls all that with a tired little smile and a triumphant flash of her blue eyes. She cut herself off from family and friends for long periods lest she might be tempted to speak, reporting only to the Archbishop. Sometimes she would not see him for weeks on end, fearing to visit him and even to telephone. From him, as well as from the Jews whom she contacted, she received names and addresses and vital information.

TO some "clients" she had to give only advice or a cheery word. Others she had to hide. For the dispossessed she had to find homes. To others she gave money or perhaps food. To some she brought medical care whenever she found a physician to be trusted and with sufficient courage to risk tending a sick Jew. Many of her "clients" were families that were persecuted and hounded because the mother or the father was a Jew. Then, there were large numbers of German Jews who had become Catholics. They were the victims of an especial Nazi hatred and cruelty. For those who were willing to dare it or whose predicament made it necessary, she arranged escape across the frontier, procuring papers, if possible, or planning and directing a wild dash in the night. In those ten years she cannot recall how many Jews, Jewish families, and other victims of Nazi insanity she helped. She dared not keep records, even in code. Every letter was carefully burned.

"It took them ten years to catch up with me," said the Fraulein Doktor laughingly. "One day in the early summer of 1943, while en route to Berlin, my train was stopped a few miles outside

Karlsruhe. I had a strange feeling that the jig was up. One of your American hunches. And, sure enough, the Gestapo officer after studying my identity card for some time motioned me to alight."

She was taken to a jail in the Rhineland. There, each night at about eight o'clock she was placed in a chair before a blinding light and sometimes until six o'clock the next morning would be questioned and cajoled and threatened and made to endure all manner of Gestapo third degree tortures. This continued for two weeks, until she thought she must surely break down and talk.

"But I knew it was the Archbishop they really wanted, not me, and I determined to stick it out. I have my own secret memories of those two weeks that no one will ever know. The cruelty of those men was satanic."

A few days later she was packed off to another jail in Berlin. After a brief questioning, she was sent to the concentration camp in Ravensbrueck. There, the Nazis had incarcerated some 50,000 women in an all-female prison camp.

"What was life like there?" I asked almost rudely.

"I have my own secret memories of that place, too," she replied gravely. "I was there until the end of the war, nearly two years. And in all that time neither the Archbishop nor my family nor friends knew where I was. I had disappeared as completely as if the earth had swallowed me. So much for Gestapo efficiency."

"We were fifty thousand women of all ages and some twenty different nationalities. Although," and this with a twinkle, "remember that all concentration camps were originally for recalcitrant Germans. And," she continued earnestly, "thousands of Germans died in them. For the most part, life was an unending drudge with always the shadow of horrible things that might

happen. Yet, oddly, many atrocities that did occur I never heard of until I had left Ravensbrueck. Again, a sample of Nazi efficiency."

"Every morning at four-thirty we were roused and run out into a huge parade ground where we formed in squares of one hundred to be counted off. This process took anywhere from an hour and a half to four hours. We had to stand at rigid attention like soldiers. Rain or shine, blazing heat and perishing cold, we had to endure it. Those who fell down or fainted from weakness were punished severely."

"On a bleak and windy March night such as this," I said, looking out the window, "what a spectacle that must have been to see fifty thousand women shivering and miserable under powerful flood lights, waiting while cruel guards like soulless automatons counted them off with maddening Nazi thoroughness."

"Yes," said Fraulein Doktor L., "Horrible. And if someone was missing, the count would begin all over again, which meant more weary, torturous hours of standing. One cannot imagine the cruelties and devilish punishments that were common in Ravensbrueck. The road gangs, the ditch digging, the heavy manual labor forced on weak women. Yes, indeed, I have my own secret memories of that hell-hole that I tell nobody. For few would believe."

"In the last weeks of the war, they began to use the gas chambers night and day. It is estimated that over seven thousand died in those final days. But eventually, in April, 1945 came blessed release and, soon after, the end of the war. I hiked all the way back to Freiburg."

"But enough of the past, my friend, we must look to the future. There is great work to do. We as a nation must do penance; we must rebuild, this time on firmer foundations. If there is battle, we must conquer by the charity of Christ." The Fraulein Doktor smiled again as she rose to leave.

She still does her work for those Jews and others who need relief. But now there need be no secrecy, no anxious looking over the shoulder, no flight in the night, no clandestine meetings. Recently a zealous American Bishop sent her five thousand dollars to help her charitable endeavors.

From my window I watched the little body as it plodded along in the debris and then disappeared in the darkness of the unlit street. A genuine Christian, Fraulein Doktor L., a convinced Catholic, a valiant woman.

REV. FABIAN FLYNN, C.P., is a former Army Chaplain in the German theatre. At present he is the Director of Catholic War Relief in Hungary.



# The Arabs Also Have Rights



Press Association

*A picturesque horseman of the Arab Legion fighting in the Holy Land*

**I**T is one of history's most tragic ironies that Palestine, the Holy Land, birthplace of the Prince of Peace, should be today not only the seat of violence but the most immediate threat of world-wide war. It is also bitterly ironical that this situation should have been brought to bloody climax at the insistence of the greatest peace-loving nation of the world—the United States of America. Finally, if the occasion were not too horrible for merriment, the strange alliance between ourselves and the Soviet Union in bringing war to Palestine might call forth a ghastly grin.

How did we get into this mess? How does it happen that many Americans still think that the establishment by force of a Jewish state in Palestine is just, and can be a solution to the Palestine problem? How do a people, who deplore extreme nationalism and decry imperialism, yet continue to support a nationalistic invasion by arms and immigration from another continent, to wrest a land away from its inhabitants?

The first and obvious answer to the above question is, ignorance! The American public, and some of its responsible officials as well, have been largely ignorant of the basic facts and the basic rights involved. It was not, really, until actual fighting started that we became aware that there *are* Arabs in Palestine, that they have lived there for far longer than we have lived in our own country, and that they resent, as anyone else would, an attempt to take their country from them.

We know, from our Bible, that 2,000 years ago the Jews lived in Palestine. We forget that since that time they have formed only a small fraction of its population until, under British protection, Zionist immigration in this century has raised that fraction to about a third.

We are told, over and over again, that the Balfour Declaration, and later the League of Nations Mandate, promised Palestine to the Jews. It is rarely pointed out, however, that what was promised was a National Home, not a

**We must know the facts  
in the Palestine issue and  
determine our policy in  
the light of those facts**

**by KERMIT ROOSEVELT**

political state, and that nothing was to be done which would "prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine." We are rarely told of other, contradictory, promises, made by the British to the Arabs, or by the League of Nations to the peoples of mandated territories (Article 22 of the Covenant).

And it rarely occurs to us to ask the fundamental question: How did Britain, or any other countries, acquire the right to dispose of a land against the wishes of its inhabitants? That such a right could be acquired by conquest was expressly denied by the Allies in World War I and again in World War II.

Americans have failed to understand that Arabs of Palestine and of neighboring states regard political Zionism as simply another form of Western imperialism. As they see it, the Zionists are foreigners, coming into their land with the announced purpose of establishing political sovereignty over them. They believe that Zionists have agreed to partition only as a temporary step, and that they still plan to extend their rule over all of Palestine, Transjordan, and parts of Syria, Egypt, and Iraq as well. The Arabs are determined to struggle against what they conceive to be Zionist imperialism as they have struggled in past generations against

**KERMIT ROOSEVELT**, grandson of President Theodore Roosevelt, is Executive Director of The Committee for Justice and Peace in the Holy Land.

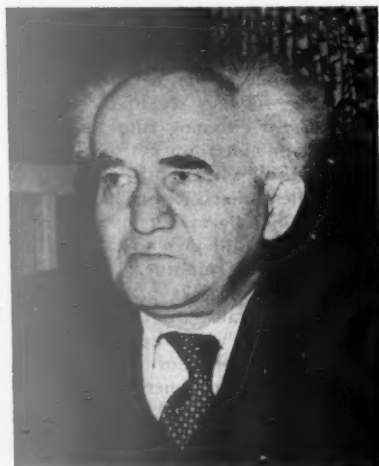


Press Ass'n Photos

**King Abdullah of Transjordan,**  
head of the Arab Legion



**Dr. Chaim Weizmann, Presi-**  
dent of the new Jewish State



**David Ben-Gurion, old-time**  
Zionist and present Premier

Turkish, English, German, Italian, and French imperialism.

Yet in our series of somersaults on Palestine, the United States has twice ignored the strength of Arab determination, and has consistently failed to recognize the existence of Arab rights. We have approached the problem as if it were half a humanitarian issue, half a problem of domestic politics, instead of a clash between two nationalisms, which is what we have helped it become.

Individual American citizens and officials shared a laudable desire to give aid and comfort to the tortured Jews of Europe. They were told that the most helpful action they could take would be to give political and financial support to Zionism. Many of us accepted the argument without further investigation, although the most casual study would have shown that Palestine, particularly if racked by war, could not solve the problems of the Jewish displaced persons. Actually, in our well-intentioned but ill-informed sympathy, we confused two unrelated problems, Palestine and the DP's, to the detriment of both. The prospect of further huge immigration to be forced upon Palestine drove the Arabs to desperate measures. And the theory that Palestine could be the solution for the DP problem encouraged Americans to leave it at that—never recognizing that it was not even suggested that Palestine provide succor for 80 per cent of the DP's, who are not of Jewish but of Christian faith.

Another factor in the determination of American policy has been, to our national shame, the pressure of domestic partisan politics. American Zionists claim that they can swing the so-called Jewish vote in key states such as New York, Illinois, Ohio, and Pennsylvania, so that support of Zionism could be the margin of victory or defeat for either major party. Many observers question this claim—there is certainly strong and growing opposition to political Zionism among American Jews—but no nationally important political leader has yet had the courage to challenge it. Wallace (who accused Truman of talking Jewish but acting Arab), Dewey, Taft, and Truman have blatantly competed for Zionist favor.

There was a moment, when the United States first proposed temporary trusteeship as a substitute for partition, when it seemed that Truman might have been persuaded to place American national interests over those of his own party. Even then, newspaper men rather cynically explained his action on the grounds that he felt he had already lost the Zionist vote to Wallace. The latter, with no prospects of ever having to carry out his promises, could promise the Zionists far more than a President of the United States could. So Truman,

with nothing left to lose, could afford to treat Palestine purely as a foreign policy issue.

But Truman was apparently persuaded, soon after, that his cause was not lost. As a result the United States declared, in one breath, that it would be contrary to our policy and to the United Nations charter that partition be carried out by force against the wishes of a majority of Palestinians. In the next breath, after a rapid recount of electoral votes, the Administration announced that we still thought partition was a good thing.

Unfortunately, in playing domestic politics with Palestine, we have not only vitiated our own sincere efforts to promote a peaceful solution there. We have also made it almost impossible for anyone else to do so. And we have done serious damage to the prestige and effectiveness of the United Nations.

Because of the strength of Arab opposition and the inescapable inadequacy of their own economic position, Palestinian Zionists have been utterly dependent upon foreign aid. Without British backing, large-scale Zionist immigration would have been impossible. For many years the bulk of their financial assistance has come from American Zionists. Recently the United States has taken over from Britain the role of political backer of Zionism as well. As a result, anyone trying to advance a peaceful settlement in Palestine had, in the final analysis, to count upon the support, or at least the non-intervention, of American Zionists and/or the American Government. Yet neither had the clearly recognized responsibility which might have assured the wise use of their power. By word and deed they have encouraged the Palestinian Zionists to make no concessions on two points—sovereignty and immigration—in a dispute where concessions by both sides are essential to peaceful settlement.

**F**OR example, the British were hoping in the fall of 1946 that their patient negotiations were about to result in agreement by Jew and Arab to a cantonal state in Palestine which would have involved the surrender by Jews of their dream of a sovereign state, and by the Arabs of their opposition to further Jewish immigration. But that was an election year in the United States. On October 4, President Truman came out with a statement demanding the immediate admission of 100,000 Jewish immigrants and the creation of a viable Jewish state in Palestine. On October 6, Governor Dewey called for the admission of "not 100,000 but several hundreds of thousands." The Zionists, not unnaturally, decided that they could count on American support to get what they wanted without having to give up

anything in return. The British negotiations, which seemed on the edge of success, were thrown into hopeless confusion.

Another example: The United States took the lead this spring in calling a special meeting of the UN General Assembly to consider ways in which a truce could be brought about in the Holy Land. We specifically recognized that a military truce must be accompanied by a political truce, and suggested a temporary trusteeship which would be without prejudice to the political claims of either side.

The President sent a personal emissary to urge the Arab leaders to refrain from action on the assurance that their interests would be protected.

In violation of these assurances, and while our representatives at Lake Success were still urging trusteeship with political truce, the President acted with unprecedented, undignified haste in recognizing the self-proclaimed state of Israel before an official request for recognition had even reached him! The good faith of the United States was cast in doubt, the United Nations was made to look ridiculous, and another opportunity of restoring peace in Palestine had been irresponsibly tossed away.

National interests and assets in the Middle East, vitally important to our security, have been jeopardized. The United Nations, our best hope for world peace, has been mocked and weakened. But that is not all. Our relations with our best friends in Europe and the Far East have been endangered as well. The issue is, in part, the success or failure of the European Recovery Program. The economic recovery of Western Europe depends upon the provision of inexpensive fuel and power. That means oil, and for practical purposes it means oil from the Middle East. Petroleum products are second only to food among ERP items: for 1949, the schedule calls for shipments of one million barrels a day, and by 1952, it calls for one and one-third million barrels daily. The great bulk of this, it is hoped, is to come from the Middle East. (Since the U.S. is already consuming more than it produces, it obviously can't come from here.) And yet we are ourselves pursuing, and trying to get others to pursue, a course of action which has cut down the flow of oil from the Middle East to Europe already. If we continue, that flow is likely to be shut off entirely.

But that is not the only, or perhaps even the greatest, danger. More fundamentally alarming is the prospect that we will use our economic assistance as a weapon to force other states to support us in action which they feel to be either unjust, or prejudicial to their own national interests, or both. To a considerable extent we did this last No-

vember, to steamroller the partition resolution through the UN General Assembly. Then, however, the British escaped our attentions. Now they are the first target, and their dilemma is indeed painful. On the one hand, the peace and security of the Middle East is a matter of life and death to the British Commonwealth and Empire. On the other hand, the friendship of the United States is equally vital. Anglo-American co-operation is so important to the world as a whole that it must not lightly be endangered. At such a time it is indeed discouraging to read, as in a dispatch in the *New York Herald Tribune*, datelined Jerusalem, May 25: "The Jews frankly admit they hope the present situation will lead to estrangement between the United States and Britain."

THE British are not alone. China, France, and Belgium, a few of the prominent examples, have shown their disagreement with American policy on Palestine. The immediate reaction in certain American press and Congressional circles has been to suggest that economic aid be withheld from any country which does not fall in line with our views. Yet those same circles cry "blackmail" when Arab states warn that they must withhold their oil from those who act against their interests!

There is still time for re-examination of our Palestine policy. Americans can still ask themselves: What must our present objectives be, and what can we do to achieve them?

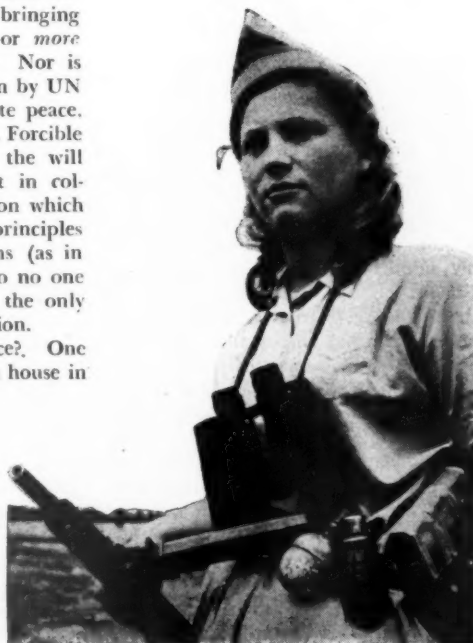
First, we must seek to halt permanently the fighting in Palestine or, if that be impossible, at least to localize it. If we admit that to be our aim, then obviously we cannot advance it by bringing it about that more weapons, or more fighting men, reach the scene. Nor is any attempt to enforce partition by UN military action going to promote peace, in the Middle East or elsewhere. Forcible division of a country against the will of its inhabitants, carried out in collaboration with the Soviet Union which continues to flout democratic principles and other UN recommendations (as in the Balkans), can be of help to no one but the Soviet Union—to date the only gainer from Palestine's partition.

How can we advance peace? One essential step is to put our own house in

order. That means eliminating Palestine as an issue of domestic partisan politics. National interests, and realistic evaluation of conditions in Palestine and its surroundings, must direct our decisions—not the winning of a million votes in New York or Illinois. We are the strongest nation in the world, but we must not use our strength against ourselves, as we have done over Palestine.

We must also show that we are serious, and sincere, in urging a solution to the problem that is commonly linked to Palestine. We must admit to this country an important proportion of the European DP's—Catholics, Protestants, and Jews. Then, and then only, will we be in a sound moral position in asking other countries to do likewise.

Once we base our approach to Palestine policy on a solid foundation, and take constructive measures to relieve pressure on Palestine by settling the DP problem, we will then be in position to use our tremendous influence effectively—with both sides—on behalf of a reasonable compromise which may lead to lasting peace. The most likely outcome would be a federal state in which, in return for giving up complete political sovereignty, the Jews would be assured of further immigration and an international guarantee of their civil and religious liberties. Everyone would gain from this. The Jews would have the national home promised them in the Balfour Declaration. The Arabs would no longer need to fear that they might be pushed aside by an aggressive nationalistic imperialism. And the Christians of the world would rejoice that at long last, peace had been restored to the Holy Land.



Well-armed girl of Hag-anah, the Jewish fighting force in Palestine



# Who is CISCA?

Chicago looks to its Catholic leaders of the next generation. The CISCA program develops these future leaders by stressing responsibility and action

by THOMAS A. HALLEY, S.J.



Father Carrabine, S.J., Moderator

"YOUNG people can spot a phoney every time!" This is the judgment of Father Martin Carrabine, S.J., after twelve years of experience as Moderator of CISCA, the Sodality Union of the high school and college youth of the Chicago Archdiocese.

And just what does CISCA stand for? The little wisp of a priest talks to you across his desk. His lights-up-half-the-world Irish smile sets you at ease at once with its winning friendliness. "CISCA is the abbreviated title," he explains, "of the Chicago Interstudent Catholic Action. Bishop Bernard J. Sheil, Auxiliary Bishop of Chicago, is our Director General."

A former President of CISCA has suggested changing the final word: "Action." "Apostolate" or "Activities" would avoid confusion with the Catholic Action Cell Federation of Chicago.

"The aim of CISCA?" The almost white-haired yet deceptively youthful appearing priest reflects a moment before answering. "Cardinal Stritch has reminded our Chicago Catholic schools and youth organizations that he looks to them to produce the Catholic leaders of the coming generation. That, to my mind, is the biggest objective of CISCA."

"But leaders are developed only by being given an opportunity to lead," he goes on. "A sense of responsibility is cultivated by responsibility itself. Mistakes? Plenty! But which of us priests has a perfect batting average?"

Here is an example of CISCAN leadership and right thinking in action. It came out that first day Fred, a Negro student at De Paul University became a member of the Executive Council of CISCA. Part of the "routine" of Saturday afternoon for CISCA's Executive Council is to follow-up their most-of-

the-afternoon session with an early evening dinner. To avoid any possibility of embarrassment for Fred by an unfortunate "scene" one of the collegians of the group slipped into Father Carrabine's private office to call the restaurant manager in advance—just to be sure. And it was a good thing.

"We've never served a Negro since we opened," the manager replied to the collegian's point-blank question. I don't think I could tell you to come."

Restaurant manager No. 2 was evasive.

A flush of embarrassment swept over the face of the girl who had been phoning. "I never realized before what it must be like to be a Negro!" she remarked thoughtfully.

The ace-in-the-hole was the Homestead Restaurant. The girl dialed and made the same inquiry. "Why, certainly," came the gracious reply. "We'd be very glad to serve your party."

Then there is John Philbin, another member of this Executive Council. John refused to sign an otherwise attractive contract for a skating rink for a "CISCA Night" because of a clause in the contract: "No Negro patrons are admitted."

"BOYS are twice as hard to interest in CISCA as girls," the priest moderator admits. "But they pay big dividends. Our crack leaders in CISCA right now are the collegian war-vets."

CISCA buzzes on Saturday morning. The program opens with a brief mental prayer—six or seven minutes—led by Father Carrabine. The prayer is directed toward the discussion program of the morning. Then Father bows out. The discussion centers in some aspect of Christian doctrinal or moral principle. Right now "*The Context of Reality*" based on the last part of Sheed's *Theology and Sanity* holds the stage.

Take for example, a previous discussion on "Blessed are the poor in spirit." The lively three or four hundred representatives start bringing the principles of the *spirit* of poverty down to very concrete details in their own lives: "What about class rings? We can get a \$10. ring, a \$15. or \$25. one. A few selfish Seniors with money to burn will electioneer through the \$25. ring. How about the kids who can't afford \$25.? They're frozen out."

Or some girl will suggest that "we girls" could perhaps think twice on the necessity of hitting dad for a \$40. formal every other big dance. Or: "Why not ease up on the boy friend's pocketbook by finishing up the evening of a double-date with a prearranged snack at one of the girls' homes?"

Questions like these never fail to swell the line of would-be speakers—some enthusiastic, some indignant—eager to voice their opinion over the PA-system "mike."

"One rule we are adamant about keeping," CISCA's moderator notes, "is this: No matter what else happens, the meeting starts and stops on time."

And the general chairman for the following session gets a special workout in advance with the moderator and Executive Council. He will be on the alert to keep discussion to the point; to keep the floor open to as many different speakers as possible.

Back in 1928 when the constitution was drawn up for CISCA, this was the plan of organization, a plan that is still being followed. Every Catholic high school and college in the Chicago Archdiocese could and would be encouraged to be affiliated with CISCA. Today there are eighty-three! The delegates from these schools are divided into four general committees: Eucharistic-Our-Lady,



Apostolic, Literature, Social Action. Each committee expresses a unique loyalty: loyalty to the Eucharistic Christ and to His Immaculate Mother, Patroness of the Sodality; loyalty to Christ's apostolic aims, especially in the missions; loyalty to Christ in reading, in becoming better informed about things Catholic; and loyalty to Christ in the challenge of social action here in America, of carrying Christ's principles into business, professional, recreational, and school life.

To each of these committees belong about a dozen or so sub-committees, whose sectional meetings are held throughout the city, in a private home or a school.

The executive committee is comprised of these four committees' general chairman and the five general officers of CISCAs: President, Vice-president, Recording Secretary, Corresponding Secretary, and Treasurer. Their job is to plan and organize all general CISCA meetings and special activities.

CISCA has become famous in the Windy City for its annual "Variety Show." The city editor of a Chicago metropolitan daily voted the evening as the "best entertainment in a year, worth at least \$5.50 top admission price."

**A**ND CISCA has given budding dramatists an opening for their Shakespearean talent.

John Cogley's play, "I Wouldn't Want To Live There," bought high commendation from Father Daniel A. Lord, S.J., Sodality's No. 1 man in America.

Right now, John Cogley is editing a paper—CISCA's own paper today. Sharing this editorship with Cogley is another ex-serviceman, James O'Gara. Their war letters constitute a substantial bulk of another of CISCA's war babies, an edition of "CISCA'S Letters from its Servicemen." As only letters can, they reflect CISCA's training under fire.

But that paper, *Today* . . . "I'm just a sidelines spectator," the moderator says and then adds with convincing enthusiasm: "Of all the fine projects CISCA has undertaken, I think *Today* is out in front—away out in front."

Its first issue in April of last year received an editorial "blow" from the National Catholic Review, *America*. The Notre Dame Catholic Action publication, YCS recently had this to say of *Today*:

"Written by Catholic collegians, high school writers too, the paper acts as a fine medium for putting across Christian principles in an attractive way . . . This is becoming increasingly vital in a world where opposing forces are amply demonstrating a militantly anti-Christian spirit and a genius for organizing that spirit." Then there is CISCA's Teen-Age Canteen. Ray Rheame, chairman of the pioneer collegian group, got a tip that Santa Maria Addolorata parish might be interested.

And Santa Maria Addolorata parish was interested. Within a few weeks, a basement recreation room was humming with activity for the teen agers; games, athletics, dances; Catholic mar-

riages, and lifelong friendships in the making.

Those two dozen collegian directors work on a principle: A really good organizer makes himself unnecessary as soon as possible.

That has been the policy in organizing the Teen-Age Canteens. Once the CISCA group gets the parish recreation center functioning smoothly and a group of parish adult leaders interested in carrying on the work—the collegians step out. Then, on to another parish.

**Y**ET all this isn't the *real* CISCA—it is only the crust of the pie. To know the real CISCA spirit you'd have to plant a hidden "mike" in Father Carrabine's office at 638 Deming Place in Chicago and hear the "inside" from former CISCAN's coming in for a chat, for counsel, to talk over problems.

"Yes, it is in the sprinkling of fine Catholic marriages with growing families and our CISCA vocations to the priesthood and religious life that my highest hopes, my greatest consolation from my twelve years working with CISCA come," the keenly alert little priest will tell you. "And many of those marriages had their beginnings at a Saturday morning CISCA meeting or at a Variety Show." Some of our nun-brother-priest moderators from the various units of CISCA were former CISCANS themselves.

"Say, why don't you drop around to 211 W. Madison some Saturday morning to see CISCA in action? You are always welcome, you know!"

*First issue of "Today" arrives at Madonna. It has grown in popularity since first published in '46*



*CISCANS at recreation. Boy and girl are shown at a dance*



## PEOPLE



Cardinal Stritch of Chicago presents the Magnificat Medal to Mrs. Henry Mannix of Brooklyn.

*International*

Mrs. Mannix discusses the local convention of the NCCW with Mrs. James Fitzgerald, chairman (left), and Mrs. Daniel Doyle, local president.

"MAY you be, under the standard of Christ the King, under the patronage of his wonderful Mother, restorers of home, family and society." Pope Pius XII addressed these words to the women and girls of the world. To some, these words were an incentive to begin work for the Church, to help restore all things in Christ; to others, they were words of encouragement to continue their activities.

One of the outstanding examples of a woman who has been working in the field of Catholic Action, is Mrs. Henry Mannix of Brooklyn, New York. Mrs. Mannix is the mother of ten children, yet she found time not only to be a good Catholic mother but also a zealous worker in numerous Catholic activities. She is the president of the National Council of Catholic Women and recently attended the international convention in Switzerland. Catholic charities and relief services have benefited by her zealous work.

Mrs. Mannix is a graduate of Manhattanville and has received an honorary degree from Fordham University. The past Spring she was awarded the Magnificat Medal by Mundelein College, Chicago, as the outstanding Catholic mother of America.



*Religious News Service*

# PEOPLE

Mr. Schorn reads in *The Michigan Catholic* of a new Fatima Club. He calls to extend his sincere congratulations.



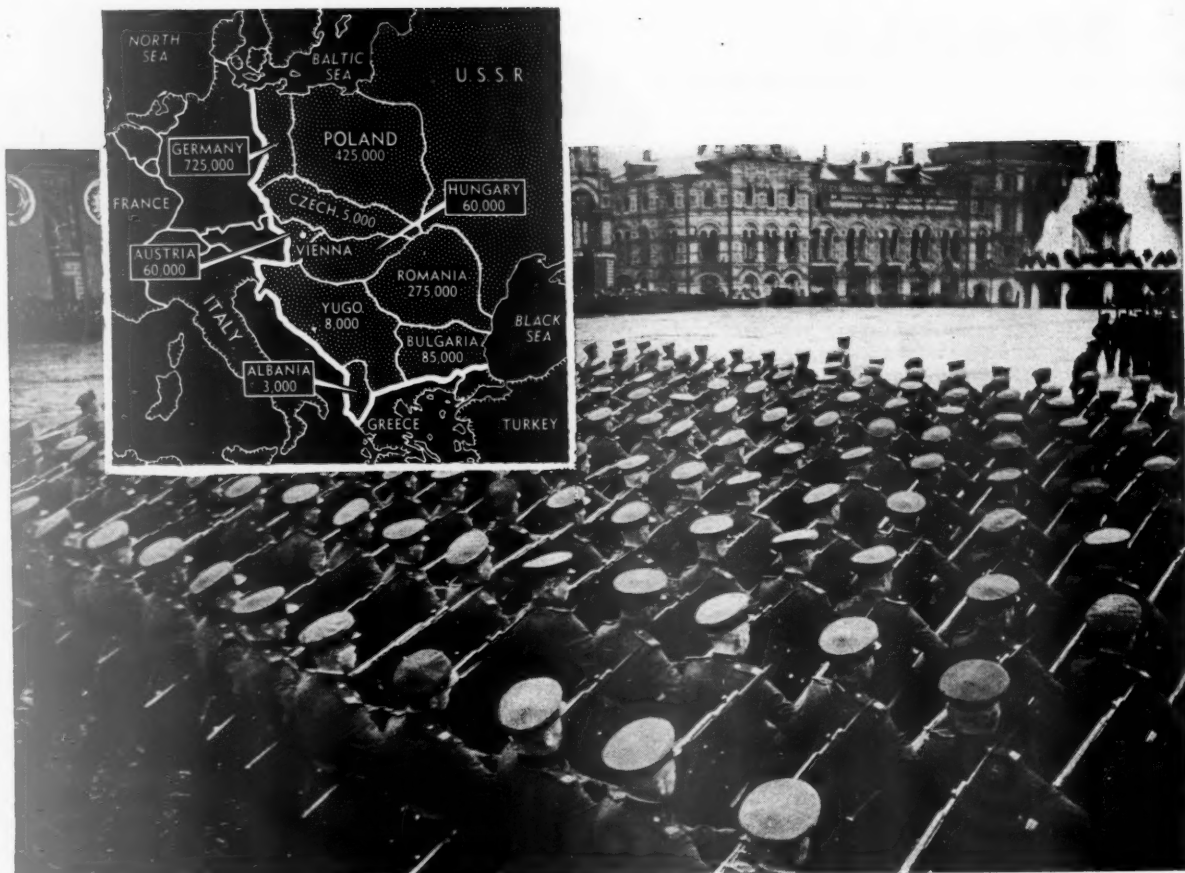
THE gentleman at the phone is Mr. Nicholas J. Schorn of Detroit, a publicity agent for Our Lady of Fatima. Mr. Schorn formerly operated a large leather processing plant, but was forced to retire after a serious accident. Converting his children's former playroom into an office, he has spent several years promoting devotion to Our Lady of Fatima for the cause of peace. He has written several articles and has distributed over ninety-thousand pamphlets on the subject. He is famous for buttonholing friends, writing to the newspapers and to Congressmen stressing the message of Fatima. Hundreds of Detroit schoolchildren go to Holy Communion on the first Saturday as the result of his efforts.

"We all want peace," he says. "We have been given the formula—prayer and penance. Get away from the thought—what can I, an ordinary person do Christ chose ignorant fishermen for apostles and will use all who are willing to cooperate." Mr. Schorn deserves the highest tribute we can give him—imitation of his zeal and devotion to Our Blessed Lady.



Mr. Schorn is shown with his wife and their dog.





**S**UCH has been the curse of every large-scale conqueror in history: no sooner does an expanding empire reach its goals and incorporate new territories and peoples into its realm than it senses new dangers to its freshly established frontiers. Then it must resume its forward drive and, after brilliant victories, proceed to its tragic end. The more annexations, the more trouble. Security achieved through extension of borders is often no security at all; peace by conquest is but a breathing spell between wars.

In more than one way the present position of the Soviet Union conforms to the pattern established in the campaigns of Napoleon, Kaiser Wilhelm, and Adolf Hitler. In their careers too a moment arrived when they were faced with the choice between further conquest and retreat. They would not retreat; and their decision not to spelled their end.

Stalin himself is a man of realistic, level-headed state of mind, who is not susceptible to illusions and false calculations. It is in this spirit that he succeeded in rearing the phalanx of his closest collaborators in the Politburo. This fact alone, however, is no guarantee against an exaggerated notion of Soviet power as compared with the po-

## On the Razor's Edge

**Between war and peace, Soviet Russia  
and the West still can find no workable  
compromise in shaping their foreign policy**

by **DAVID DALLIN**

tential of the Western world; it provides no assurance that wise counsel will prevail in Moscow when the moment approaches to choose between a risky offensive and a humiliating retreat.

At first this exaggerated notion of the striking power of the Soviet state was a systematic line of propaganda, intended for the Soviet people as much as for sympathizers abroad. The supreme leadership in Moscow was originally fairly immune to it, knowing as it did the great power of the West and the weak-

nesses of the Soviet Union. But gradually this incessant reiteration of self-glorification contaminated the leadership itself, and today, it would seem, it begins to believe in all earnestness in the legend of Soviet superiority—a legend it itself artificially created and spread.

More than once in history has this attitude of exaggerated superiority over other nations been the source of international conflicts and wars—especially when it went hand in hand with an urge to reconstruct the world on the model

of the "superior" nation. Superior intensity of faith drove the Moslems to "Holy Wars" against the infidel. The racial superiority of Germany was a legend which provided the backdrop for the second World War. Now it is the false notion of social superiority, combined with the vision of a world rebuilt along the Soviet pattern, which renders the international situation especially menacing.

It is almost impossible to convey to an American an adequate impression of the gigantic effort of this "superiority propaganda" carried on in Russia at the present time: the war in Europe was won only because the Soviet people, led by the Communist government and with their industry socialized and agriculture collectivized, stood up against Germany; if Russia had not been Communist, victory over Nazism could scarcely have been achieved. In the Far East—this propaganda avers—defeat over Japan was made possible by the "decisive role" played by Soviet arms. There can be no national unity abroad, under capitalist conditions, because of bitter class struggle, and this circumstance makes the outside world weak in comparison with the Soviet Union, where all the people are united in feelings and beliefs, thanks to the new social order.

The level of Soviet art and literature is the highest in the world; the Soviet press is the only honest and reliable one; living conditions in the Soviet Union are far better than anywhere abroad; Soviet science is making greater strides than science in the West. Finally, this concept of social superiority has of late been supplemented by a few drops of racial and national superiority: the greatest inventions are credited to Russian scientists in Czarist times; and the Russian military commanders under the Czars were the greatest in history.

In this new, postwar ideology, bits of Marxism are intertwined with remnants of old Russian nationalism; Stalin himself is represented as a safeguard against any mistakes in Soviet policy and expectations, as a guarantee of victory in any possible war.

Today the Soviet Army is the greatest in the world. While its size remains a state secret, military authorities estimate it at from three and a half to four millions, of which about half are employed as occupation forces abroad. All other armed forces in Europe, including U.S. and British occupation troops there, are inferior in numbers to the army of the Soviet Union. Soviet aviation is far larger at present than that of the United States. Right now a vast reorganization is going on in the Soviet army; tens of thousands of young officers are graduated yearly from military academies, better prepared for their jobs than their predecessors had been.

Considerable privileges are being accorded to the military caste in order to assure its loyalty and dependability. This process of reorganization is scheduled to be completed within two years. The expansion of naval construction is another state secret; it is known, however, that it is going on on a vast scale in the Baltic, on the Black Sea, and in the Soviet Far East.

With such a power at its disposal, Stalin's government has no doubt that it could overrun continental Europe at any moment. If war should arise out of such a drive, it would take the United States considerable time to bring troops in from overseas, while the importance of the atomic bomb as a means of warfare (this must be noted) is consistently being minimized in Moscow. Would the United States and Britain really be ready to wage war in Europe under such circumstances? Would their people permit them to resort to arms to prevent the transformation of Europe into what Moscow considers a superior social system? These are imponderables which the Soviet Government deems decisive for the outcome of a new conflict.

A realistic appraisal of the situation makes the Kremlin proceed with caution; yet the uncertain, vacillating policy of this country during recent years has produced the impression in Moscow that Russia sometimes can safely take



*Could Stalin and Molotov but learn how to say yes!*

a chance. She has scored many a success by acting boldly and banking on American passivity.

The greatest single factor that might change the situation would be a demonstration of overwhelming strength on the part of the United States, such as the introduction of compulsory military training and, even more so, the re-creation of a strong air force. These measures are in themselves not sufficient to dispel the danger of war, yet along with the new foreign policy of the United States, the creation of a Western

Union in Europe, and the Marshall Plan in action, they may be instrumental in creating a new climate. Chances are they will finally succeed in convincing Stalin's government that it must discard its aggressive policy and must avoid war because it would lead to its inevitable defeat.

Of all the international problems and conflicts of our days, the crucial one for the Soviet Government is the future of Western Germany.

Divergencies and bitter discussions continue over the fate of Iran, Trieste, Korea, China, and a variety of other issues. The new Cominform goes on with its work along the lines prescribed by Moscow. "The working class of the capitalist nations does not realize its own strength," proclaims this successor to the old Communist International and, wherever possible, seeks to arouse revolutionary movements against the democratic governments. Yet meanwhile, the attention of Moscow has gradually shifted to that part of Germany which embraces little more than half of Germany's prewar territory and a population of nearly forty-five millions. The importance which Moscow attaches to this area is so great that, it appears, many a conflict could easily be settled and the international tension considerably alleviated if only a settlement were arrived at in this crucial sector of the cold war front.

In the Kremlin they try to look ahead and visualize what Germany will look like if the Marshall Plan succeeds. At first industry and trade, including foreign commerce, will recover; and the industrial giants, with the Ruhr mines and plants included, will resume operations at full capacity. Demolished industrial establishments will be rebuilt; thousands of freight trains will again run with proverbial German precision. What is the next step? To the masterminds in the Kremlin who, under the label of industrialization, have directed the creation of a huge war industry in Russia and who have closely watched the transformation of a demilitarized Germany into Hitler's war machine, economic rehabilitation is almost tantamount to political and military recovery. For Stalin, who has no great confidence in agreements and alliances, the specter of an "unfriendly" Germany assumes reality.

What the Soviet Union has gained after the war is more than any specific territory like Rumania, Czechoslovakia, or Korea. The main achievement was the creation of an unparalleled situation where Russia is the only great power on the old continents of Europe and Asia. Real opposition to its endeavors can be offered only by the naval powers, Britain and the United States; and it

has never been a simple task for a naval power to prevent the expansion of a land power on the latter's own continent.

In Stalin's mind the present situation offers considerable elbow room in operating in Europe as well as in the Far East, where Russia encounters only feeble resistance accompanied by ineffectual verbal protests from London and Washington. Nothing except bitter diplomatic notes ensued when Stalin took over Poland in the summer of 1945, the Balkans in the following winter, Hungary in the summer of 1947, and Czechoslovakia in February 1948. Of all the victorious nations of the old world France alone is a potential great power; but France is preoccupied with colonial troubles, internal problems, and the indecision of her policy toward Germany. The only real danger in the eyes of Moscow can come from Western Germany.

The Soviet mind is trained on long-range "perspectives." It is mandatory for any statesman to foresee future developments; yet in this respect the thinking of Russian Communist leaders exceeds anything known heretofore. The social philosophy in which every event is the "stage" of a development, and the theory of evolutions and revolutions in which every single move appears to be a link in a long historical chain—combine to create a mentality that merges the present with the distant future. Foreseeing the future makes it seem real, alive. Vague possibilities become indisputable certainties.

It is in this way that Western Germany, rebuilt and rehabilitated with American help, already appears to Moscow as the second rival great power on the Eurasian continent—a new, great Germany with industry and commerce, arms and armies and, last but not least, the backing of the anti-Communist democratic powers. If this vision becomes reality, quite a few of the Soviet gains and acquisitions will be seriously jeopardized. Eastern Germany, today transformed into a nucleus of Soviet Germany, may be driven to reunite with the prospering West. Poland, which has never been fertile ground for the Communists, may then become a trouble child. Catholic Hungary would be in the same situation. Pressure in favor of the West would also become increasingly felt throughout the Balkans.

Retreat? Give up the great gains made by the Soviet Union and international Communism? Acknowledge defeat after unique and staggering victories from 1944 to 1948?

Or resist and concentrate all the forces of Russia and of its newly won satellites in a life-and-death struggle against the recovering European West and the

**DAVID J. DALLIN** is the author of several authoritative works on Soviet foreign policy. He is a native of Russia, now lives in New York.

comeback of a way of life which has solemnly been proclaimed dead and buried in Eastern and Central Europe?

This is the dilemma which Moscow foresees for the coming period of European history. Of course there has as yet been no need to make a decision on her course once that situation arises. But a decision has been made on what policy to conduct, what steps to take now, in order to prevent the very occurrence of such a situation.

Stalin's diplomacy has adopted a dual policy. It offers the German people as well as the West two alternatives which in their simplest terms mean: either Western Germany is united with its eastern part and placed under the control of Soviet authorities (and in this case rapid rehabilitation would be permitted and even insisted upon), or else Western Germany remains out of Soviet reach (and then she must remain destroyed, devastated, impoverished, a beggar vegetating on American alms). This has been the Soviet policy since 1947, and all Soviet propaganda is geared to this line.

Stalin would, of course, prefer the first of the two alternatives. A combination of Soviet Russia with powerful Germany—a sovietization of Germany's west along the same lines as its east—has been his favorite project for decades. The Soviet Government began its international activities in 1917-18 by a peace treaty with Germany, which eased her position in the war with the West. In 1922, the Treaty of Rapallo between Moscow and Berlin put an end to the international conference at Genoa.



#### **In Tune With the Times**

► A young lad from the city, vacationing with relatives in the country, was walking through a pasture one day when he heard a strange buzzing sound in the grass. He stopped to investigate.

"Come away!" his cousin shouted. "That's a rattlesnake. If you go near it, it will strike!"

"Gosh," said the amazed city boy. "Do they have unions too?"

Throughout the twenties, Moscow supported all German revendications against France and England. German Communism declined to make common cause with the democratic forces on the eve of Hitler's ascendancy to power. In later years Molotov repeatedly offered Hitler a rapprochement, and in 1939 the Stalin-Hitler Pact was indeed concluded. A combination of the Soviet Union with a "friendly" Germany would represent such a tremendous power that not only the other countries of Europe would soon fall prey to its potent onslaught, but Britain's safety would be jeopardized and the Western hemisphere would become insecure.

It is natural that Stalin should today harbor this plan for a Soviet-German combination more ardently than ever before. He is aware, however, of the strong resistance such a program is bound to provoke in the West; he knows that American and British troops are in Germany not so much as a safeguard against Nazism or other forms of German militarism as against forces which under the banner of hammer and sickle would move in with guns, tanks, and planes as soon as the Western Powers quit Western Germany.

Stalin's other alternative therefore calls for keeping Germany divided while sovietizing the East and insisting that the West remain in the present state of disorganization. The United States and Britain—this Stalin knows—will hesitate to start an offensive against the East, whereas a reborn Germany would stimulate ideas and emotions of quite a different sort.

To this country as well as to Britain, the second alternative is and will remain as unacceptable as the first. Before the war German economy was an important segment of the European bloodstream; imports from Germany were needed by France, Italy, and Scandinavia; and, in return, Germany was an important market for the agricultural and industrial products of other nations. Permanently to subtract German production and markets from Europe means to sentence the other peoples of Europe to a lower standard of living than they enjoyed before the war. This may be a matter of indifference to the Soviet Union, but it cannot be glossed over by the Western Powers. Moreover, the present state of affairs in Germany involves huge expenditures for the United States and even a relatively higher burden for Britain, whose finances are strained and where taxes are at their peak.

Today no workable compromise seems possible between the two solutions to the German problem, and it is this circumstance that makes the international situation so explosive.



# RADIO

by DOROTHY KLOCK

## Mr. Ace and Jane

For fourteen and a half years, Goodman Ace and his wife Jane made "Easy Aces" one of the bright spots for radio listeners from Maine to California. And now, after a hiatus which served to give them time for a refresher course in the vagaries of human nature which are meat and drink to their program, they are back with a half-hour weekly show which is riding fast into the top-ten category.

Perhaps you do not like the long-suffering-husband and the slightly-addled-wife routine in your comedy fare. But like them or not, you will have to admit that the Aces can make half an hour seem like five minutes to the listener, and that takes the kind of radio know-how that is born only of years of practice.

Ace is heard in the series as an earnest advertising copywriter to whom one misadventure after another happens chiefly because, as his spouse frequently says, "I have him in the hollow of my head." This kind of malapropism is Jane's chief stock in trade. When asked if she would like a cigarette, Jane replies, "Oh no, thanks. I don't smoke. I don't drink either. You see, I'm a totalitarian." This kind of thing never looks good in print. But turned by a deft tongue, it is sure-fire on the air.

These zany situations may be a little hard to take, but there are compensating factors which should be mentioned. The Aces are masters of pacing, underplaying, and casually throwing away a line, to use the traditional actor's phrase. Their only equals on the air in these respects are two other troupers from the same vintage—Fibber McGee and Molly. And there is other common ground. Both couples have an undercurrent of warmth and affection which bubbles up between the lines and sometimes in them to give the listener that sort of tickle around the heart that can't be scratched.

The slightly startling typography of the show's title indicates whose notions motivate the doings in the Ace ménage. And when Jane is not doing the hounding and heckling, Mr. Ace is fighting equally losing battles with his brother-in-law Paul; with Mr. Norris, his boss.

Mr. Ace has a rasping voice that can become grating after a while, but it

becomes the slightly acid conclusions to which he is frequently driven about the human race and the female thereof in particular. It matters little when you remember that he is writer-producer-director of the programs which have gone recently from the network sustainer basis into the sponsored satin class. The Aces balance the diamonds with plenty of heart. They're all right. (CBS, Friday, 8-8:30 P.M., E.S.T.)

## The Female of the Species

A short time ago, Win Elliott, master of ceremonies on the Columbia Broadcasting System's *Saturday County Fair*, described the average female contestant on radio quiz and audience participation shows. Here she is:

"The average female contestant is about thirty years old . . . and will tell you so. She is quite a hearty person and laughs easily. She laughs not from embarrassment, as her husband does, but because she is thoroughly enjoying herself whether the laugh is on her or not. She comes to the broadcast with her two children and is accompanied by a friend who likewise brought along her two kiddies. They came early and waited in line outside the studio for the doors to open. The kids have been bribed with chocolate and peanuts and have been promised a whopping big soda with gobs of whipped cream if they behave during the show.

"When she is on the stage she comes up to the microphone full of pep and prepared for anything. She needs less instruction about how close to stand to the mike, or what position to take, than does the male contestant. She will go through with what she's asked and will try very hard to satisfy. Her first concern is for the program itself and she sincerely tries her best to make it a good show.

"She is pleased with her prize, no matter what it may be, and is profuse in her thanks. Chances are she'll ask the emcee for his autograph . . . or her youngsters will. She leaves the show flushed with victory and swears undying faith to the program.

"I hope I haven't been too harsh on the ladies, bless 'em! If they weren't there, County Fair wouldn't be half the fun it is. Here's hoping Mom continues to be a fan."

## You ought to know that . . .

THE BREAKFAST CLUB, regular American Broadcasting Company morning feature, celebrated its fifteenth anniversary on the air in June.

LAND OF THE LOST, ABC's fantasy for the young-in-heart of all ages, (Saturday—11:30 A.M., E.D.S.T.) has been adapted for the movies. The first technicolor short is now out on the cinema circuits. The tale of two youngsters, Isabel and Billy, who have marvelous adventures in a magical land beneath the sea, has been adapted for the films by Famous Studios and will be released by Paramount Pictures Inc.

THE LASSIE SHOW (NBC—Saturday—5:15 P.M., E.D.S.T.) is reported as bringing to the air waves a series of sketches about Lassie's own life, with the famous dog of the screen in the title role. This news is not to be considered lightly in view of Lassie's average earnings of \$52,000 yearly.

CAPITOL CLOAK ROOM is an experimental CBS series (Wednesday—10:30 P.M., E.D.S.T.) based on the quizzing by a trio of CBS Washington newsmen of Congressmen actively engaged in promoting key legislation.

DOUBLE OR NOTHING, the popular audience-participation quiz show, is now broadcast on the full National Broadcasting Company network in a daytime spot, Mondays through Fridays. (2:00-2:30 P.M., E.D.S.T.) Walter O'Keefe, song writer, newspaper columnist, and advertising man before he became a celebrated master-of-ceremonies in night clubs and on the air, will take over the job of keeping the daily quiz running smoothly.

THE THEATRE GUILD ON THE AIR has shown a growth seldom if ever before achieved in radio by a dramatic program. Its Hooper rating for a six-month period in its first year was 4.9. In its second year it climbed to 8.2, and in its third it has reached an average of 11.4.

AS OTHERS SEE US, Columbia network series presenting foreign opinion and impressions about what America is thinking, doing, and planning, with CBS news analyst Larry Lesueur as chief reporter, is back on the air (Sunday—11:15-11:30 A.M., E.D.S.T.)

ROBERT Q. LEWIS, CBS night owl comedian, has moved down from the dark hours to a daytime five afternoons-a-week half-hour. (5:00-5:30 P.M., E.D.S.T.) The informal Mr. Lewis will be heard in the time being vacated for the summer by CBS' School of the Air.

**W**HEN St. Paul of the Cross was a very small boy, he was one day puzzled and awed by a big, almost life-size crucifix still to be seen in the house at Ovada, so he went to his mother to seek an explanation and asked her: "Mama, what does it mean?"

A Jewish traveler from abroad, coming into Jerusalem on the first Good Friday and passing by Golgotha, would probably have been tempted to ask the same question. Or would he? It is quite as likely that the Crucifixion might have been for him just another crucifixion and that not even a suspicion of its real meaning ever flashed across his mind.

What *does* it mean?

Is the Passion essentially a mystery of justice or a mystery of love? It is hard to believe that an event of such harrowing and disgusting barbarity as the Crucifixion was in any way necessary. And yet it must have been. One tear shed at Bethlehem was sufficient to redeem the world, because the Divine Person of Our Saviour gave every act of His an infinite value. And yet, if the shedding of one tear was amply sufficient to redeem the world, and even a thousand worlds, it is hard to understand why the Father should have exacted such a merciless and apparently exorbitant retribution from His own Son. If it is admitted that the Father was impelled to make these exactions by the intransigence of His justice, we are given a harsh and terrifying picture of Him.

The mother of St. Paul of the Cross was a spiritually enlightened woman, and to his question, "What does it mean?" she replied correctly, "It means, dearest, that God loves you so much that He died on a cross for you to show you His love." Her answer was a faithful echo of Sacred Scripture's own answer to the problem. "God so loved the world that He spared not even His own Son but delivered Him up for us all."

After all, justice could not be the final answer. Why did Our Saviour want to make atonement for us? What made Him so interested in us? We suffer willingly only for those we love. Love, therefore, is the central explanation of the Passion. The Master's love for His Father made Him anxious to make the maximum reparation for sin; His love for us made Him anxious to give us the most perfect demonstration of love that could be given in a finite human nature, so that He might draw us by the cords of Adam to give Him a return of love.

Divine justice required neither the holocaust of the Passion nor insistence on adequate atonement for sin. God could have condoned the offense of sin. Anyone who has been the victim of injustice has a natural right to press the claims of justice and demand full compensation for the injury done to him. But he has no obligation. He is

# WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

**Christ's Passion and Death are a mystery  
of love rather than of justice. The whole implication  
of Christ's seemingly excessive sufferings during  
His Passion is that God's love was more  
difficult to satisfy than His justice**

by **ALFRED WILSON, C.P.**

perfectly free to be high-minded and merciful and forego his rights either wholly or in part. Obviously, God could have exercised similar liberty if He had thought it wise.

The implication of the Passion is, therefore, that God's love was more difficult to satisfy than God's justice. The shedding of a tear at Bethlehem was sufficient to satisfy divine justice; the barbarities of the Passion were insufficient to satisfy divine love. "I thirst," cried Our Lord as He was nearing the end of His ordeal, and among other things He thirsted for further opportunities of demonstrating His love. The horrors of the Passion were necessary:

- (1) for the relief of the Sacred Heart, and
- (2) in order to make the Passion efficacious.

The infinite love of the Sacred Heart made the Passion a necessity. "I have a

baptism wherewith I am to be baptized, and how I am straitened until it can be accomplished." There is always something foolish about love; foolish, that is, to those who have not loved, and who therefore do not understand the logic of love. The expression of love depends on the logic of the will and the heart, not on the logic of cold reason.

**T**HE Passion was not necessary to pierce the armor of God's justice, but it was necessary to pierce the obtuseness of human minds made distrustful of God by sin; and the horrors of the Passion represent a desperate, pathetic, and humanly incredible effort of God to convince us of His love. He wrote His love for us in huge, gaping, blood-red letters across the sky in the pathetic hope that His blood-written message of love would make it impossible for men ever again to doubt His



*He went to his mother to seek an explanation and asked her: "Mama, what does it mean?"*

love. "And I when I be lifted up from the earth will draw all things to Myself."

"Let these wounds speak," said the proud Coriolanus as he bared his breast and showed the wounds received in battle for the defense of Rome. "Let these wounds speak," is the challenge of the silent figure on the Cross. His love is displayed in a thousand open wounds that their silent eloquence might prove more convincing and inspiring than words. The Passion is the most perfect possible object lesson of love.

It is heartbreaking to think (it actually broke the Sacred Heart) that even yet the majority of men do not understand. How well He knew us! How well He "knew what was in man." If we are tempted to think that the Passion was overdone, we have only to look around at the prevailing apathy toward the Crucified to find the answer to our doubt. Even yet men do not believe or

only half-believe the love that God has for them, and Jesus can do no more than ask pathetically, "What more could I have done for My vineyard than I have done?"

When a romance is being printed, the white, unillustrated sheet is placed under the printing press so the novel can be stamped on it in letters of black or red or gold. In the Sacred Passion, the white, immaculate flesh of the Son of God was placed under the printing press of the cross and the crown and the scourges and the spear, and they stamped on it in blood-red letters and open wounds the most wonderful romance that has ever been written or ever could be written. "It means, dearest, that God loves you so much that He died on a Cross for you to show you His love. This is a book that every little child can learn to read." The crucifix is the book of books, and the language in

which it is written is love. "Greater love than this no man hath than that a man lay down his life for his friend." To suffer for another is to give him a most genuine proof of love; to sacrifice one's life for another, and simultaneously to sacrifice everything worth sacrificing, is to give the greatest of all possible proofs of love.

"This is a book that any child may learn to read." St. Paul of the Cross soon became proficient in his reading. Perhaps we can hardly read at all; perhaps not at all. And, perhaps, the reason is because we are trying to read in the wrong language. The language of the Passion is love and it cannot be understood in any other language. The language of justice makes the Passion a harsh and repellent revelation. Any other language makes it nonsensical.

**T**HE book of the Passion cannot be understood unless it is read in the language of love. The Passion is not a feat of endurance, a supreme display of stoicism; if that were its meaning, it would be nothing better than an inglorious manifestation of egoistic exhibitionism. The Passion is the expression of the very essence of love—complete surrender and giving of oneself regardless of the cost.

There is, of course, a sense in which the Passion is a revelation of justice, that is, a revelation of what will happen to us if we reject the revelation of love. "If these things be done in the green wood, what shall be done in the dry?" If these things are done to the Son of God, over whom suffering has no natural right of approach, what will be done to those who have obstinately rejected and despised the love of God and placed themselves deliberately in the realm of rigorous justice? In this sense, the Passion is a revelation of the horrors of hell and the rigor of divine justice.

But its real, direct meaning is love. Perhaps we have failed to read the Book of the Passion because we have mistaken its language. This failure accounts for many evils. Many people remain doubtful about the forgiveness of their sins and live in a state of habitual discouragement because they have not grasped the fact that Calvary proves that God's love was not unsaddled by our sins, or why would He have atoned for them and assured us of pardon in advance? The only way to understand the Passion is to approach it in and with love. Those who imagine that the way of love is soft and sentimental have obviously never reflected what love did to the Crucified. Many of our worries and most of our failures can be traced to the fact that, unlike St. Paul of the Cross, we have not learned to read the book "which every child may learn to read."



ON the afternoon before school was dismissed, Reverend Mother stood by the window in her parlor waiting for Sister Margaret Mary. Sister was detained in the visitors' parlor across the shining wax corridor, and Reverend Mother tried not to grow impatient with the waiting. But it happened so often, and it was already five minutes past the appointed hour for their midafternoon walk.

Reverend Mother felt guilty about the wasted moments. She paced the length of the parlor once, inspecting the cleaning job the new little sister had done. Everything was in perfect order. The old mahogany desk shone red in the sharp shot of sunlight from the tall west window. The oil of St. Cecelia above the desk had no dust in the crevices of its ornate gilt frame, and on the center table the tulips stood stiff and exact in the ugly iron urn. Even the copy of *Meditations on the New Testament* was placed on an unflinching forty-five degree angle with the edge of the table.

Satisfied, Reverend Mother returned to the window. She stood there, tall, thin, and rigidly erect, looking out at the Convent lawn which ran in neat flower beds and well-groomed terraces down to old Willow Road. Just beyond the Convent grounds, Willow Road turned and became a bridge running over a half-imaginary branch of the Mitford River. It was very seldom that Reverend Mother allowed herself to look beyond the point where Willow Road turned.

Nervous with the unused time, she fingered the silver cross that hung on a black cord about her neck, and critically scrutinized the lawn. She noted several things to tell Jerome, who was the man at the Convent. The large stones edging the gravel driveway needed white-washing. And the birds had been at the bronze statue of St. Joseph again, the statue which stood in the middle of Sister Theresa's tulip bed. She had had occasion to tell the man about the statue before, but she had never mentioned the birds to him. She tacked the matter on to the end of the list in a discreet, offhand way. "And the statue of St. Joseph, you know, Jerome."

Jerome always made the same joke. He scratched the back of his half-bald head and said, "Should have been St. Francis, Reverend Mother. Should have been St. Francis." She considered even such a subtle reference to the birds too vulgar for Jerome to make. She never laughed at him. She smiled now, though, thinking about it. Her tall, thin body relaxed. Immediately she straightened it again and thought proudly that no one but Dr. Murphy and the Directress knew about her arthritis. But the next moment she was

ashamed of taking pride in such a thing, and with the automatic quickness of long habit she offered the pain for the suffering souls in Purgatory.

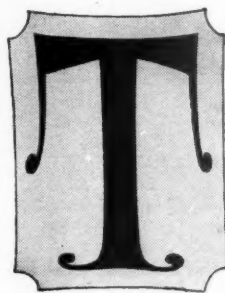
Reverend Mother took her watch out of its black cloth case and looked at it. It was Catherine Young's parents who were in the visitors' parlor with Sister Margaret Mary. Perhaps they came about Catherine's report card or perhaps they merely came to call on Sister. A great many people came to the Convent simply because they liked to visit with her. It was too bad they imposed so much on her time, but it was true that Sister Margaret Mary never knew how to get rid of them. If the Youngs did not leave soon they would have no walk at all before Benediction. Reverend Mother didn't care about the walk, but they had planned it that way.

She reminded herself that there were any number of constructive things she might do while she waited. Deliberately, she drew her little black note book out of her bottomless sack pocket and consulted it. She had yet to call Father O'Connell and tell him that the time for the graduation exercises had been changed from three to four o'clock tomorrow afternoon. She must remind Sister Celestine to send some of the beginners' altar linen to Bishop Reilly's mission in Georgia. The Senior work would go to the new Jesuit church. And

preferred the change made at the command of the Directress so that, aware of its inevitableness and remembering the fundamental principle of obedience, she could have resigned herself to it.

Instead, the subtle insinuations, the diplomacy, the finesse of the Directress' letter went repeatedly through her mind. "Your administration of the high school has been above reproach." And then a little farther on, after talk of the new amplifying system in the assembly room of the City House, "Although age and health are not matters which we usually discuss, I was distressed to hear from Dr. Murphy of your severe arthritis. I hope that you are permitting him to do all he can for you." And finally, somewhere toward the end, "Because Sister Margaret Mary has done such extraordinary work in her four years with you, I am not going to transfer her. I think, under the circumstances, that a breach in the transfer rules is justifiable."

None of this could be assembled into a simple statement of purpose, and during the week since the letter had arrived, the matter had become a nightmare of confusion to Reverend Mother. She was convinced that her resignation had been suggested and Sister Margaret Mary's promotion as her successor had been implied. There was no consolation for her in the fact that the matter had been left entirely to her own judgment and discretion. There were no simple and clear principles upon which the decision could be automatically engineered. Her own capabilities and those of Sister Margaret Mary, the good of the school



Twilight

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY KIDDER

something must be done about the chapel immediately. Adelaide Green had let the bathtub overflow in the lavatory just above the second station of the cross, and the dark streaks on the recently decorated wall were a source of well-controlled irritation to Reverend Mother.

And she must decide what to do about Sister Margaret Mary. She did not really want to make the decision. In fact, she found herself quite incapable of making it. The Directress, in her letter concerning transfers and promotions, had posed the problem delicately. The very delicacy of it increased the difficulty for Reverend Mother. She would have

and the community—these naturally entered in. But none of them was easily evaluated. Reverend Mother believed in self-sacrifice, but not in obvious and heroic acts.

A little girl in a blue jumper uniform was passing Reverend Mother's parlor door. Seeing that her superior was staring at her, the child dropped an awkward curtsy and murmured, "Afternoon, Reverend Mother." In a second she was gone. The curtsy made Reverend Mother feel self-conscious. It was an old custom and one well-established on the principle of respect for authority. It was as it should be. Nevertheless, it always made Reverend Mother feel self-



Her own words reiterated in her ears, colder, haughtier

**In its warm color and quiet strength, the beauty of the rock garden was irresistible. And in its harmony a wise woman found the answer she was seeking**

**by ELIZABETH MURTAUGH**

conscious—and a little lonely—when a child curtsied to her.

## II

They were walking down the long, winding gravel driveway toward Reverend Mother's rock garden. The maples threw slim, diagonal lines across their path and the warm afternoon air was so heavy with the odor of the just-cut grass that its luxuriance rather repelled Reverend Mother. It was like the soft arm chairs in which she never sat. She looked straight ahead along the stretch of dry, white gravel and refused to be more than barely cognizant of the early, reckless summer.

Sister Margaret Mary reveled in it,

however. Her sheer, simple delight provoked Reverend Mother. There wasn't even a Franciscan principle behind it, and Reverend Mother knew it. Sister loved the smell of cut grass and the way light shifted on the twin silver birches at the foot of the terrace. She loved them in a completely unreasonable way, and she gave herself up to indecent rapture over them. She loved children and she loved work. She even loved Edna St. Vincent Millay's poetry, which Reverend Mother thought immature and, even worse, undisciplined. It all seemed indiscriminate and meritless.

Yesterday Reverend Mother would not have permitted herself to form any

derogatory opinions concerning Sister's character and personality. To entertain such thoughts would have been uncharitable. But now it was her duty to do so. Deliberately, and without a great deal of feeling, she analyzed her.

"Oh, what a glorious, glorious day," Sister Margaret Mary was saying. "I hope it will be as fine tomorrow for the children's graduation."

"I hope so," responded Reverend Mother. Her voice sounded pale and flat to her own ears after the rich inflections in the other's tone. But weather, after all!

"They're all excited about it," Sister Margaret Mary went on. "They run to the dormitory every spare minute to model their caps and gowns. And they talk about what Aunt Grace is likely to give Kate Young and whether John will really come or not, and won't it seem funny next year not to come back."

There was something mocking and

gay and yet sympathetic in Sister Margaret Mary's tone. There was a compelling note, a peculiar quality of dramatic and vital interest that demanded attention for all the inconsequential things she related. Reverend Mother was more aware than ever of the dry, colorless form of her own words as she said, "I hope they will not be too excited to sleep tonight. They will need their rest for tomorrow."

Sister Margaret Mary's blue eyes twinkled. "If I know girls," she said, "not one of the Seniors will be in bed by nine tonight. It would hardly do them any good, you know, when they're so excited."

The last sentence had something of a plea in it, and Reverend Mother, thinking she understood, said, "You may give them permission until ten o'clock then, if you think it will do no harm."

"But it would spoil all their fun to give them permission," Sister protested. "Perhaps it would be all right to leave the rule as it is and allow them to do as they please."

Reverend Mother did not exactly understand why giving them the permission would spoil the extra hour of fun, and she said so. Sister hesitated. Reverend Mother was extremely sensitive to the short, silent moment that followed. It seemed to imply that the matter was self-evident, that it would be a little difficult to explain to someone who didn't immediately understand. Humiliated, without quite comprehending the source of her embarrassment, Reverend Mother hurried to say, "You may do as you please about it, Sister." Her voice sounded haughty and distant and none of her embarrassment crept into the carefully enunciated words.

"Thank you, Reverend Mother."

Reverend Mother was keenly conscious of the moderation in Sister Margaret Mary's voice. Her own words reiterated in her ears, colder, haughtier, more distant in an excess of conspicuous control. She lowered her head. As if there were some purpose in it, she examined the toes of her black cloth shoes as they came out, one and then the other, on the white gravel driveway beneath her long full skirt. It was hard for her to understand her own feeling of humility, of inadequacy. She only intuitively sensed that Sister was really not unprincipled, was really not as small as the things that populated her conversation, was certainly not uncontrolled. Intuitions like this were rare, and their completely unwarranted presence was disturbing.

The afternoon was warm, very warm. Reverend Mother lifted her head. Directly to their right was the rock garden, and in silence they left the gravel driveway and walked across the lawn toward it.



*In her letter, the Directress posed the problem delicately*

### III

The sun felt good on Reverend Mother's back. They had been sitting for some time, quietly, on the green wooden bench that Jerome had brought out from the game house on the first warm day late in March. He had given it a fresh coat of paint and placed it under the double maple tree opposite the rock garden at the far end of the Convent grounds.

Behind the school, beyond the stone tool house and the vegetable garden, Reverend Mother could see the little girls at their afternoon recreation. They had blue pinafores over their uniforms and they were playing a game the name of which she had long since forgotten. Young Sister Aloysia was very good with them, she observed. She seemed very capable of keeping them within lady-like limits.

As Reverend Mother watched, Jerome's dog, an Irish setter with a slight limp, ran crookedly down the service drive into the midst of the playing children. They stopped to pet him. Sister Aloysia stood on the fringe of the little group, and above on a cement pedestal was a statue of a guardian angel with widespread wings and an admonishing hand stretched over them. Everything was quiet. The heat of the afternoon settled about the Convent. Reverend Mother subdued a temptation to yawn. In the corner of her pale eyes there was a little water that came there with the effort to stay awake.

"Oh, how I wish I had my camera," Sister Margaret Mary exclaimed, watching with affectionate interest.

A few minutes later they were talking about buying a record player for the school. Sister brought the subject up, of course, but Reverend Mother could

not remember exactly how the conversation opened. Sister's transitions were perfectly natural, but often Reverend Mother found herself wondering how they came to be talking about revolutionary things like a player without the slightest sense of surprise or impropriety.

Sister Margaret Mary thought it was just the thing in which to invest the graduating class gift money. She had seen some advertised in *Time*. They were good ones, of fine walnut, and they automatically dropped eight records. The class money wouldn't quite cover it, but with a little added . . .

Reverend Mother stiffened on the wooden bench. "And what will we add to it, Sister?" She asked the question drily, but she was thinking what a fine thing it would be for the girls to listen to symphonies and operas during their sewing hour, or even to have a period once a week during which they could hear good music. Except for an occasional Sunday concert on the radio, Reverend Mother had not heard any music for over half a century. She didn't miss it any more. A theme rarely ran through her head, unless it were some elementary chorus part she heard the Glee Club rehearsing in the assembly room, or a bit of fine church music which Sister Agnes played, not very well, on the chapel organ.

Sister Margaret Mary's idea had awakened her. She enjoyed considering the possibilities. But the only things she said were practical ones, and none of her enthusiasm showed outwardly.

"The upkeep," she said. "The upkeep would be costly. I understand that records are quite expensive."

"Records don't cost what they used to," Sister assured her. "And the girls could bring their own if they cared to."

"Where would we put it," she said. "The assembly room is not very comfortable and the girls' recreation room is so near the community side of the house. It might be a source of distraction for the nuns."

Sister didn't think so. "Not if we put it at the far end and keep the doors closed," she said. Something in her tone seemed to assume that the player was already bought.

"There is still the problem of the initial cost," Reverend Mother remarked sharply. Two series of pictures were going through her head with confusing concurrence. One consisted of things about the Convent: the showers on the top floor, the lockers in the dormitories, the mail box system. The other was a list of names she now remembered seeing in an advertisement for records: Beethoven's Eighth, and Mozart's No. Forty, and Bach—something of Bach.

"We will consider it," she said. She hated the maternal condescension with which she heard herself dismiss the mat-

**ELIZABETH MURTAUGH** is an alumna of Barat College, and mother of three children. Her story presented here was the winner in the 1947 CPA Short Story Contest.



ter. She watched Sister Margaret Mary lean back and she imagined that Sister knew the machine would be purchased and installed. She tried to think back, tried to remember herself saying, "We will consider it" before. She hadn't wanted the showers. She hadn't wanted the lockers for that matter. But all she could remember now was the hypocritical feeling she had borne with grace and dignity when Sister Margaret Mary had informed the children at assembly of the fine improvements Reverend Mother had planned for them.

"The senior girls will be delighted," she heard Sister saying. "They all love to dance, and it will give them a chance to practice during part of their evening recreation."

Reverend Mother was aware that this sense of shock, this collapse of an idyllic, interior plan, had occurred before at the casual words of her assistant. She remained very calm. "I had not considered dance music," she said. "Mitford hardly affords the cultural opportunities I would like for our girls."

It was time for Benediction. When they reached the white porte-cochere, the tower bell set up a regular, ordered clamor. Reverend Mother felt the heavy, disturbing air break with the familiar sound.

#### IV

Reverend Mother had never thought of her rock garden as a symbol before. This novel conception of it occurred to her after supper while she waited for the Sisters to settle down in the semicircle of straight-backed chairs in the community room. The rightness of the idea was pleasing and Reverend Mother toyed with it in the few minutes before the bell officially announced the beginning of the evening hour.

The rock garden, Reverend Mother decided, symbolized everything Reverend Mother was not. She could not remember exactly when it was that the rock garden had come into existence, or how it came to be known as hers. It had been Sister Margaret Mary who had wanted one, Sister who guided their walks in its direction every afternoon, Sister who noticed every new flower, who knew the various types of moss, who spoke eagerly of the symmetry and the color harmony.

It had become a notable place on campus. It was always pointed out as "Reverend Mother's rock garden." Women in the tabernacle society, who came on Thursday to sew, said, "Your rock garden is lovely, Reverend Mother," and parents who came to the Glee Club concerts stopped to say that they had caught a glimpse of the rock garden as they came up the drive and wasn't it a charming place. Reverend Mother always nodded stiffly in acceptance of their compliments.

For a moment Reverend Mother was bitter. Out of rocks and a few nasturtiums, Sister Margaret Mary had tried to make her kindly and sentimental and nature-loving—a sort of benign, storybook Reverend Mother. But immediately she repented the bitterness. For decades she had competently run a school. If in the last few years she had unconsciously become a puppet, perhaps Sister was not to blame. Her legend was not unkind. It gave her, she supposed, a bit of personality. No one could altogether forget her when they passed the garden.

#### V

Graduation was over. The reception was over, and the sisters had taken away the platters of chicken salad, and the bread-and-butter sandwiches, and the empty coffee cups. They had pushed the tables back against the wall. The tremendous chandeliers hung heavily in the vacant space down the middle of the visitor's parlor.

Reverend Mother was relieved that it was at an end. They had stood for a long time close to the door of the bare room saying good-by to the last of the high school children. The arthritis in her hip pained her dreadfully, and it was with more care than usual that she sat on the straight, carved, Victorian chair. When Sister came back from the window, where she had been waving to

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► Some people will believe anything if it is whispered to them.

—Anon.

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the Farrell family, Reverend Mother was composed and erect.

"I wish," she said, "that you would sit down a moment, Sister. I have something to discuss with you."

"Why, of course, Reverend Mother," Sister replied.

Reverend Mother found it difficult to begin. "I received a letter from the Directress last week," she said finally. "She said that Sister Aloysia was to be transferred to Chicago to get her master's at DePaul. You are to remain here. She said that your work had been excellent and that under the circumstances a breach in the transfer rules was justifiable."

That was, Reverend Mother reminded herself, exactly what the Directress had said. But that didn't entirely settle the matter. There were other things she had to say to Sister Margaret Mary.

"Now, about the record player." Reverend Mother cleared her throat in her most businesslike manner. "I am going to leave the decision to you. Probably it is a very good thing, but I want you to give it sober consideration. Mechanical gadgets and devices of all sorts are highly overrated. We can not only get

along without many of them, but better without some of them. We certainly hope to improve the Convent, but each improvement must be considered in the light of what it can contribute to the education—not simply the pleasure and the comfort—but to the education of our girls. In effect, what is not with us is definitely against us in a completely materialistic world. There must be reason and proportion in these things, not merely enthusiasm for anything new and modern."

"I understand, Reverend Mother," Sister said. She did not look up.

"I am not certain that you do entirely," Reverend Mother said as gently as she could. "You will, however, when you have thought about it. You possess a rare quality of understanding but you tend to excel in the immediate and the particular. I am eager for you to apply your intelligence to the more general principles of education."

It was a reprimand, the most delicate she had ever given. Sister Margaret Mary said nothing.

"Also," Reverend Mother continued, "I have decided that during the coming year your position as assistant will be given dignity equal to that of Superior. The children will obtain special permissions from you. You must learn complete impartiality in your judgments. They will curtsy to you when they pass you in the corridors. At the same time, you are to maintain your friendly manner with them. It is difficult to be completely in authority and at the same time to maintain ease in relationships. It will be wise for you to perfect a balance before title can set you apart. Perhaps if you are prepared in advance to assume complete responsibility, title will be unable to destroy your influence and informality to ruin your authority."

In a way, it was a confession as well as a command. She wished Sister Margaret Mary would say something, but she didn't.

"Do you understand?" Reverend Mother asked a little sharply.

"I think I understand very well, Reverend Mother."

There were tears, actual tears, in Sister Margaret Mary's blue eyes when she finally looked up. Reverend Mother refused to notice them. She was thinking to herself that the Directress would certainly think her obtuse. It was difficult to be a figurehead even on principle. But her Father, Who saw in secret, knew that she was about His business. And she had new, rather odd duties to perform. There was no time like the present, she reminded herself, in which to begin.

"I think I will go sit in the rock garden until suppertime," Reverend Mother announced. She smiled brightly at Sister Margaret Mary.

# Stage and Screen



Gene Tierney plays the role of Dana Andrews' wife in the much-publicized documentary film, "The Iron Curtain"



Dana Andrews decodes a message under the watchful eyes of Major Kulin (Eduard Franz)

## Delayed Expose

A GRIPPING and long overdue melodrama, presented in the currently popular documentary style, **THE IRON CURTAIN** is Hollywood's first step in the anti-Communist campaign. Based on the actual facts of the recent Canadian spy case which rocked the world, the film is tensely dramatic, technically skillful, and thoroughly frightening.

The Red menace is as real as the Nazi threat ever was and in this suspenseful drama we see just how close to home it really is. It details the case of Igor Gouzenko, a code clerk in the Russian Embassy at Ottawa, who turned over secret Soviet files to the Canadian police when he became alarmed and disgusted at the activities of his own country's spy ring. It is as simple as that, yet the implications behind the story are dark and threatening. Probably even more disturbing than the knowledge that the Reds have a clever, hard-working network of espionage agents, however, is the hue and cry raised by the fellow travelers in this country wherever the film is exhibited. Their crusade of ridicule and lies has fortunately had a reverse effect and has only resulted in a greater audience for this grim documentary than it ordinarily might have had.

With far less hysteria than it channeled into the anti-Hitler movies, Hollywood has turned out a production that is a completely satisfying piece of entertainment and a stern warning to look to our inner defenses. It is a delayed expose that will be welcomed by every moviegoer as the opening shot in the screen war against the tyranny of the Kremlin. As such it should be seen by everyone interested in preserving freedom at home and restoring it abroad. The cast, headed by Dana Andrews, Gene Tierney, Edna Best, and Barry Kroeger, is splendid, and the expert direction of William Wellman adds immeasurably to the importance of the production. (20th Century-Fox)

THE SIGN



**Above:** Fred Astaire helps Judy Garland with her shopping in "Easter Parade"



**Right:** Charles Coburn, Peggy Cummins, Lloyd Nolan in "Green Grass of Wyoming"

by JERRY COTTER

### Reviews in Brief

FOUR FACES WEST is an interesting experiment in that it is a Western story minus gunshots and fisticuffs. Instead, the emphasis is placed on characterization, wholesome romance, and a suspenseful chase accomplished without the usual violent overtones. Joel McCrea is starred as a cowboy bank robber who is ultimately given the chance to reform through the efforts of an understanding sheriff. Refreshing and absorbing from start to fadeout, this should find favor with every member of the family. Frances Dee, Charles Bickford, and Joseph Calleia are the principal supporting players. (United Artists-Enterprise)

Walt Disney's latest excursion into the realm of imaginative movie-making rates with the best he has done to date. MELODY TIME which blends comedy, music, and all the best Disney devices for storytelling, is bound to please every age group. Seven sequences are included in the package with two of them employing a visualization of music that comes close to being the work of sheer genius. The balance of the production is good fun and musically satisfying all the way. It features the talents of Dennis Day in a narration of "Johnny Appleseed"; Roy Rogers in a fantastic cowboy episode; the Andrews Sisters; Fred Waring and his famous group; Ethel Smith; Frances Langford, and many other popular music-world figures. The net result is rousing good entertainment and a rare novelty that all jaded moviegoers will greet with glee. (RKO Radio-Disney)

I, JANE DOE strikes a maudlin note that short circuits its melodramatic intentions well before things really get started. This, plus the indiscriminate use of the flashback technique and a general confusion in the directorial department, detracts considerably from the desired effect. Somewhere in

the jumble is the story of a French girl who comes here to find her GI sweetheart only to discover that he is married. She kills him and is defended by his widow who is also an attorney. Soap-opera material with scant originality to compensate for the labored plot, this puerile affair is bolstered only slightly by the presence of Ruth Hussey, John Carroll, Vera Ralston, Gene Lockhart, and John Howard in the cast. Pass it by. (Republic)

Novelist Mary O'Hara has given movie audiences another treat in her heart-warming story of ranch life, GREEN GRASS OF WYOMING. This is the third chapter in the career of the outlaw stallion, Thunderhead; it is produced with all the careful attention to detail and story values that has characterized the first two pictures in the series. Filmed in the Wyoming country with the Technicolor camera serving to enhance the natural beauty of the background, this is a picture to please every member of the family. There is romance and conflict in the portions of the picture involving the humans and a thrilling climax featuring a trotting race. Robert Arthur is the outstanding member of the cast as a boy who raises a mare for the national trotting tournament. Charles Coburn, Peggy Cummins, Lloyd Nolan, Burl Ives, and Geraldine Wall are also featured. An effective and entertaining outdoors yarn for audiences of every age. (20th Century-Fox)

Music by Cugat; Technicolor by Kalmus; swimming by Esther Williams; comedy by Durante, and trappings by M-G-M sums up the content of ON AN ISLAND WITH YOU. Only Jimmy Durante is able to overcome the handicap of a trite plot that has seen service countless times before. The setting in this version is Hawaii, which does allow for the inclusion of some beautiful camera work, and if you accept that in lieu of any startling dramatic innovations



this will suit you just fine. It is also acceptable for the youngsters, in fact it probably was produced with them in mind. Mildly entertaining. (M-G-M)

**THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE** is a strange mixture of comedy, confused philosophizing, and labored acting. Based on William Saroyan's play, with James Cagney doing his best to measure up to Eddie Dowling's stage interpretation of an amiable barfly, it falls short of the mark as suitable screen material. Into Saroyan's fantastic San Francisco waterfront bar comes a strange and unreal collection of misfits, each to spend a few moments declaiming on life, liberty, and the pursuit of contentment. It all strikes a discordant note and fails to impress strongly, first because of the very nature of the Saroyan dogma, and second, because the company recruited by Cagney is merely mediocre. The star himself is badly miscast, with William Bendix and James Barton taking top honors. As an experiment this is passably interesting. It is not recommended for its dramatic content or philosophic value. (United Artists)

Red Skelton clowns through **THE FULLER BRUSH MAN** with his accustomed lack of subtlety or restraint. Those adults who can absorb this sort of punishment for an hour and a half are advised that the rubber-visaged comic is in top form when he is not being annoyingly repetitious. Slapstick, without brakes, it has been designed for the grown-ups who have never grown up. (Columbia)

Judy Garland and Fred Astaire make a likable and capable musical comedy team in the Technicolor extravaganza, **EASTER PARADE**. Easily one of the best screen efforts along this line, the dancing, Irving Berlin score, and optically pleasing production numbers lift this colorful charade far above the average level for movie musicals. Somewhere in the fancy trappings is a standard plot, but it never intrudes for an undue length of time, allowing the camera to give major attention to the Astaire footwork and the microphone to concentrate on Miss Garland's vocalizing. A splendid summer show in every way. (M-G-M)

**GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROADWAY** is a warmly appealing, nostalgic comedy revolving around the fortunes and misfortunes of a vaudeville family. When the two-a-day dies, the team—expertly played by Charles Winninger and Fay Bainter—settles down in a small town to await its "inevitable return." The years pass and he becomes a business success, but the family still hopes and rehearses for the big day when they will return to the footlights. When it finally does come the grown children decide they would rather stay in their home town. Several song and dance routines are woven into the story, adding to the entertainment value of a Technicolor musical drama that neither lags nor strains credulity. Dan Dailey, Nancy Guild, Charlie Ruggles, Jane Nigh, and Charles Russell are principals in the strong supporting cast. Recommended for the entire family. (20th Century-Fox)

### The New Plays

Beatrice Lillie and Jack Haley take full advantage of the many opportunities offered them in the lushly extravagant **INSIDE U.S.A.** Though the title was borrowed from John Gunther's book, the resemblance ends there. The Haley-Lillie version is an eye-filling musical revue enlivened greatly by the presence of its star clowns.

Miss Lillie's inimitable style of funmaking, unfortunately not always in the best of taste, dominates the proceedings. When she holds herself in check, the Canadian lady is without peer, and can make even the most pallid sketch sparkle. Haley is another clever funster who has the gift of genuine

comedy. This is one of his best opportunities in recent years and he rises to it magnificently.

Other highlights in the production are the singing of John Tyres, two excellently executed dance sequences by Valerie Bettis and Eric Victor, and the striking sets designed by Lemuel Ayers.

*Inside U.S.A.* will undoubtedly please a majority of adult audiences. Technically it is a smooth-paced, melodious, and often hilarious revue. On the debit side mention must be made of its occasional lapses from grace in the humor department, sufficient to earn for it a "partly objectionable" rating.

**THE PLAY'S THE THING**, a revival of Ferenc Molnar's 22-year-old comedy, derives its principal appeal from the deft group performance by its actors. Aside from their spirited and smooth histrionics there is little to recommend in the Molnar meandering with a group of jaded Riviera sophisticates. A transparent plot, brightened occasionally by the author's witty dialogue, it is a lumbering and dated vehicle that would never get past the first reader in today's production offices. Louis Calhern heads the experts in the cast with Faye Emerson, (Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt in private life), making a most auspicious debut in the play's sole feminine role. Arthur Margetson, Richard Hylton, Francis Compton, and Earnest Cossart are also splendid in a sophisticated comedy that is more museum than amusing.

### Playguide

**FOR THE FAMILY:** *Me and Molly*.

(On Tour) *D'Oily Carte, Gilbert and Sullivan Company; The Winslow Boy*.

**FOR ADULTS:** *Harvey; The Heiress; Brigadoon*.

(On Tour) *Carousel; Lady Windermere's Fan; Oklahoma; Medea; Anthony and Cleopatra; Show Boat*.

**PARTLY OBJECTIONABLE:** *Annie Get Your Gun; Allegro; Born Yesterday; Inside U. S. A.; Hold It; The Play's the Thing; High Button Shoes; Look Ma, I'm Dancin'; Make Mine Manhattan; Command Decision; Joy to the World; Angel in the Wings; Finian's Rainbow*.

(On Tour) *Anna Lucasta; Burlesque; First Mrs. Fraser; John Loves Mary; Private Lives; The Student Prince*.

**COMPLETELY OBJECTIONABLE:** *Mister Roberts; Streetcar Named Desire; Respectful Prostitute; Strange Bedfellows; For Love or Money*.  
(On Tour) *Blackouts of 1948*



Joel McCrea (with Joseph Calleia) plays the role of a bank robber in "Four Faces West"

# Salute to a Great American

An inspiring, patriotic  
story of  
Brother Joseph, who took  
Father Damien's place among  
the lepers of Molokai

by HORACE BROWN



*"They will come, Father?" asked an anxious leper*

THE old man with the long, white beard supported himself against the flagstaff in the whipping wind from the sea, looking east as he had looked east for many long years. His giant body was bent now with age and the weariness of denial, but his eyes flamed from his white face.

Above him, tattered and weather-beaten but still proud, sang the flag of the country that was in his heart if not under his feet. He seemed to carry within him the evergreen pictures of his stern Vermont, in strange contrast with the volcanic lushness of this island where he had cast his earthly and his heavenly lot.

It was July 4, 1908.

This day, as every other day, he had raised his flag, the flag of his country, the Stars and Stripes, yet he seemed to raise it with a special pride upon this day of all days, when his countrymen proclaimed their freedom. He who was not free, who had chosen the living death and had lived with it and worked

with it and suffered with it was more fiercely proud of freedom than all those who went their unheeding way across the untracked Pacific.

About this man stood a strange company, a terrible band, such as to turn the stomachs of tender men, men less dauntless in their lives than this monk from the hills of Vermont. In their rotting faces was adoration as they looked at their protector. In the unclean hands with which they sought his benediction was the groping of children after Christ.

For this was the home of the living dead, shunned by all whole men save two. This was the leper colony of Molokai. This man, who stood like a trapped eagle atop the crag of Molokai looking out to sea, was Ira Dutton, who, as Brother Joseph, had come to lend his strong hands to the leprous ones of the sainted Father Damien.

When he had come to Molokai, Brother Joseph knew he could not return to the land he loved so well, and of which Molokai was a part yet not a part.

He had known he was condemning himself to exile and to the possible slow death of leprosy that had finally claimed the Belgian priest he set above all other men. It was enough to chill a warm heart. Yet Brother Joseph had come and stayed and worked and, when Father Damien died, he took his place as well as he was able, teaching his pitiful charges his love of God and his love of America.

And now it was July 4, 1908.

Theodore Roosevelt wanted to impress the world with the might of this new land of the West. He had ordered the American fleet into all the Seven Seas.

The event was so well advertised it reached even the rotting ears on Molokai, the strangest nephews of all Uncle Sam's motley brood. These who had been faithful to the God and the country their Brother Joseph loved came to the old man.

"Will they come?" they asked him from horrible mouths that spoke words

# COOKIE JAR

by HELEN HOWLAND PROMMEL

*I can remember going as a child  
Across town on the trolley to the street  
Where grandma lived. Her house had fragrant wild  
Roses growing by the fence and sweet  
Lillies of the valley, by tall leaves caught.*

*Inside the rooms the smells of garden flowers  
And baking bread and cookies rich with spice  
Intermingled with the happy hours  
Spent in a home where nothing was too nice  
For childish hands to touch and so be taught.*

*There was a shelf of colored books to see  
And a low chair that grandma liked to use  
Whenever she sat down to read to me,  
And a cookie jar where I could freely choose  
From shapes and colors full of magic wrought.*

*Out of such memories as these has come  
Firm faith that home should be a friendly place  
Where children feel an ownership in some  
Things having only smell or touch or trace  
Of homely magic in things as they are—  
As I once found them in a cookie jar.*

of love and reverence to him. "Will the ships of which you have told us, the ships of fire and smoke, the ships of the flag, our flag because it is yours, come to Molokai?"

These were preposterous questions, incredible. The ships-of-the-line of the proudest nation upon earth to pass in review before Molokai, the home of the living dead! Men were placed here to be forgotten, not honored.

Brother Joseph looked at his foul flock with love. He had faith in his country and in his God.

"They will come, my children," he promised.

The President of the United States tapped the side of his desk with his glasses. He had been listening to a strange story.

"You mean to say," he asked incredulously, "that this man has been telling these lepers our battle fleet will pass by this island?"

The visitor smiled faintly, not feeling like smiling.

"Yes, Mr. President," he answered.

Consulting a map, the President said almost irritably, for it was hot in Washington, "But it's absurd! The fleet is not scheduled to go within hundreds of miles of this Molokai."

"I know, Mr. President."

Theodore Roosevelt tapped his famous teeth with his famous glasses. He was Commander-in-Chief of the Navy of the United States, but . . .

"He has faith in his God and in his country," said the visitor softly.

So had the President of the United States of America. He rang for an aide.

"Ask the Secretary of the Navy to see me as soon as possible," said the President.

The wind whipped the flag and made it a thing alive. Now and again Brother Joseph would lift his straining eyes from the sea to the tatters of which he loved each fold and each star and each stripe. His stiff lips moved in silent prayer.

"They will come, Father?" asked an anxious leper.

"They will come, my child," he answered, as much for himself as for those of the earthly damned who waited with him. Would his country fail him in this, the one recompense he asked for his years of giving?

Far across the heaving waters there was a smudge. He rubbed his eyes. It could be wishfulness. The smudge did not go away. There was another with it, and another, and another, flung far to sea in line. The lepers raised a feeble cheer, but in their hearts were mighty shouts.

Through the mist that covered his eyes, Brother Joseph watched the miracle approaching. In line, as far as the dimming eagle eyes could see, the battlewagons of the fleets of the United States of America rushed on toward Molokai, proudly walking the sea as Brother Joseph knew they would walk.

Lonely on the promontory of Molokai stood the strange little band, towered over by Brother Joseph and the flag. Lonely, but alone no longer, for at last these lepers saw that what Brother Joseph had told them all these years was true, they had a country they would never see but they had a country.

The world-girdling fleet drew nearer, not with a threat, but with humbleness and gratitude that from its country had come such a man as Brother Joseph. Upon the deck of each ship, the men were drawn up in review array. As each battlewagon passed this lonely isle, where binoculars could pick out the figure on the crag, straightened and proud as it had not been in years, the flag at its forepeak dipped in salute to a great American.

For Brother Joseph was living proof of a truth that will live when fleets and might and power have returned to the dust; to love one's land truly and one's God, one must love one's fellow man.



## Dog Tired

► Mrs. Parker was very fond of her dog, Rex, but was often provoked to find him occupying her favorite easy chair. She was afraid that if she spoke too harshly to him, he would bite her, so she would draw him away from his seat by the simple device of going to the window and shouting, "Cat! Cat!" Rex would dash to the window and bark madly, and his mistress would quietly

slip into the vacant seat.

One day Rex came into the sunparlor and found Mrs. Parker in possession of the chair. He walked about the room, whined briefly, then sat down and speculatively regarded her. Suddenly he leaped to his feet, lunged to the window, and began to bark excitedly. Mrs. Parker hastened to the window to investigate.

When she turned from the window she found Rex settled comfortably in her chair!

—Wall Street Journal



# Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

## Whither Prices?

ONE AFTERNOON, a year or more ago, the daughter of an industrialist was at our house. OPA was staggering to its end, being helped along by a lot of people who were sick and tired of restrictions and little red and blue slugs and an inability to get more than one bottle of catsup a month owing to the number of those silly red things needed.

I am one of the people who liked OPA. And that afternoon, while the industrialist's daughter and several members of my own family talked happily of the end of the institution, I objected to their happiness. I said I thought we were not ready for letting prices be set by anyone who wanted to set them and for whatever they chose to set them at.

The industrialist's daughter dissented. Daddy, who had been down in Washington frequently during the war years, was certain that what would happen would be a month of perhaps flyaway prices and then they would settle down to good old white-collar levels.

So OPA went and during the next months prices did skyrocket just as daddy had predicted they would. But I am still waiting for the rest of his prediction. The rocket has not yet come down and with others I am still peering upward looking for it. No doubt, for my unkind sentiments it will hit me in the eye when it does come down but so far it is evidently still soaring toward the stratosphere.

It may be unkind to mention it and rather I-told-you-so of me, but here in a shop near us lamb chops are retailing at a dollar ten a pound, butter is ninety-three cents, eggs are seventy, and the white bread we like best has now gone to twenty-one cents for a very modest loaf.

## Bobby's Nickel

SOMEONE GAVE ONE of my grandsons a book the other day, a charming affair of bright colors. It was called *Bobby Has a Nickel*, and the story concerned itself with what should Bobby buy with that nickel. A pinwheel? Well, I know he couldn't, for they are fifteen cents now at the five and ten. A beanbag? Ditto. A top to spin? Try to get one for a nickel. Peanuts? Ten cents a bag everywhere. Crayons or a toy balloon or a rubber ball? Well, perhaps somewhere but not around here. Candy? Even tiny lollipops are twelve cents for a package of five. I know whereof I speak, for I get them for my grandsons. Or should Bobby get an ice cream cone? That is perhaps the funniest suggestion of all, for even popsicles, those odd things made of ice and a very bright primary color, are seven cents, and the cones that used to be a nickel are a dime each. So if Bobby had a nickel my best advice to him is to beg or borrow another one so that he can buy something. The Bobbys of long ago were out of luck for they never had any ice cream cones. But the Bobbys of today are out of luck too: they can't afford them any more.

In case anyone wonders just what Bobby of the book finally did with his nickel, he got a ride on a merry-go-round. Well, perhaps those are still a nickel. I hope so. But surely there is a one-cent tax on every ride!

## Young People and Babies

IF WE ARE NOT TO USE Communist or Socialist ideas of state support for children, then why don't our Catholic leaders speak up against the economic injustices of the day? Our good Catholic people are not trying to circumvent the law of God. All they want is a home in which to live with as many children as God grants them. I think if the economic wrongs were handled rightly, the question of birth control would cease to be such a burning issue.

This is the time to speak of a place to put the babies after they have come, since there is plenty of money to erect houses at a sane price if only building prices would come down. The really interesting thing about all this sober talk of few or no babies in families is that to a great extent it is no longer true. Young people are having babies, and families are getting larger. I don't think my town is the exception, and we seem to be surrounded by babies. Two and three to a family and the oldest not over eight is a commonplace, and some have four and even five. Why not be vehement about these young parents? I know one young father who had been unable to find a place for his wife and children within miles of his work, and for over two years they have been four hundred miles away from him. When he does find a possible place, the owners will not allow young children there. That story can be multiplied over and over.

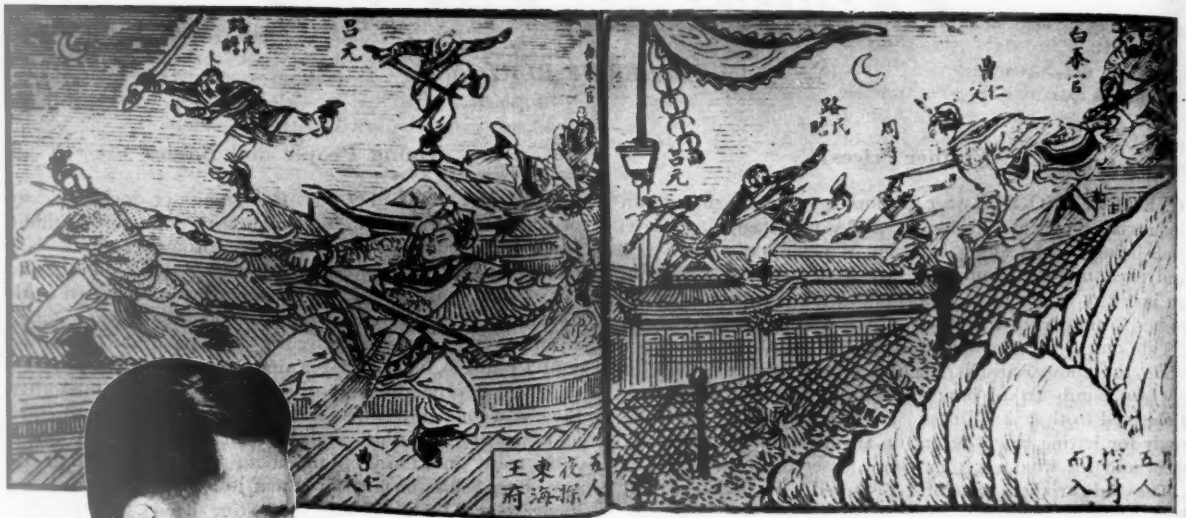
If we were all poor it might be different. But certainly our newspaper pages make it clear the country is not poor. The columns are full of prosperity—but for whom? The advertisements are enough to give anyone pause. We know that the very wealthy pay great sums for their clothes but such prices were usually quoted in the past in subdued and elegant salons to special customers. Today we read such incredible things as a quarter page advertisement of a blouse at ninety-five dollars. Suits at two hundred and more, dresses more than a hundred are the commonplace, not the exception in the papers. How do you think the reading of such prices will affect a young father of four whose wife has not had a ten-dollar dress in a year? Or consider the advertisements for little boys' suits at forty dollars, little girls' coats at sixty—how will that affect a young mother who sees her child with no decent thing to put on? And why? Because rent prices are so high and food prices so excessive that there is nothing left except debts when those are paid.

It is not the very poor, who depend on charity, who are affected today. It is the young couple of the middle class who can't get even the ordinary things of life any more—the common garments, the common food.

My feeling is that it was the war which started the return of larger families. If a young couple has one child, as so many did during the war years, they are very apt to want more. And with some encouragement these young people will continue to want them for they are, for the most part, a serious lot and they love children. Reasonable food and doctor bills, houses or at least rooms for those who need them—none of these things is in the realm of the impossible.

Babies for houses—yes, of course. But also houses for babies.

# SUPERMAN--Chinese Style



Picture book creator. Produces five to six pages a week. These unfinished drawings will be completed by his assistants

A section of a popular picture book. Supermen, Chinese style, on the housetops with drawn swords, try to rescue a friend captured by villains

Soldiers on furlough from Manchuria where they were fighting Communists still seek adventure in Chinese picture books





A newsboy of China's streets finds pleasure in the wild adventures of the picture books



Two little Shanghai schoolgirls rent books from allowance money. School authorities frown on popularity of pictures

ACCORDING to popular legend, a wise Chinese stated, "One picture is worth ten thousand words." It is, therefore, not too much of a surprise to find that the reading of picture books is one of the most popular customs in China. And many of the picture stories are comparable to the supermen of American comic strips.

In Shanghai alone there are more than four thousand picture book stands. The books are rented at fixed fees. Moreover, a reader taking his book home must pay a double fee. Chinese educators admit that picture books are an effective means of education but would like to control the contents of the books. Under government pressure, the publishers attempted to circulate books of a more educational nature, but very little support was given to such publications.

Ancient legends and myths are the themes of most of the thrillers, and many young readers leave home in search of the adventures presented. The continued growth of picture books is cutting the audience of the story tellers in tea houses. Another Chinese proverb says, "To see once is better than to hear a hundred times."

A street hawker lost in an ancient fable. Each night the book stand owner takes home his stock in trade





ERIC listened to the soft beating of the rain against the roof. He stirred a little and then relaxed. Yes, it was rain, soft and caressing rain, he told himself. For a brief few seconds he experienced a feeling of exhilaration. To him rain meant freedom—freedom from the drudgery of the cotton field, freedom to read that book that he had borrowed from the rental library, freedom to relax. That was good—good. And then he slipped back into the oblivion of sleep soothed by the feeling that all was well.

"Eric!" He stirred.

"Eric!" It was the tired, thin voice of Ella, his mother, calling from the kitchen. It cut through the murky semilight of morning like an unbalanced feather dart that wobbles wide of its mark. May-

sore and his body ached as he reached for his clothes. As he slipped into his overalls the picture of Pete and Ella returned. It didn't strike him as inhumane or ungrateful that the specter presenting itself failed to stir any feelings of sympathy. They were repulsive symbols of an existence he hated.

"Eric!" His father's voice was stern.

"Yeah, I'm up!"

He pushed his sore feet into the rough shoes. There was sand and dirt in the toes of them and they hurt. He swore softly.

"I've got to get away from here! I've got to. There's something better than this for me."

The prospect of spending his life amidst the squalid surroundings of Flat

inwardly as he buried his face in it.

"I overslept this morning. We ought to be in the field by now." He heard Pete's voice from the kitchen.

"It's going to be another hot day," Ella was saying again.

Eric didn't want any breakfast. The smell of fat bacon nauseated him. He wanted to get out of the house. He didn't want to face the ordeal of sitting at the breakfast table and re-enacting the same scene that had characterized breakfast in the Powers' household for as long as he could remember. For a moment he hesitated. And then he shrugged his shoulders in resignation. It would be easier to go back to the kitchen and eat. If he started out the door, he would have to explain over protests.

by KIP KING

# A moment's view

**Eric thought happiness lay beyond the horizon. Perhaps one day he would discover that self-love had made him blind to its nearness**

ILLUSTRATED BY M. BOULDIN

be once it had been vibrant and youthful. Maybe long ago. Eric remembered it only as it was now—uncertain and apologetic, tired and forced.

He turned over, raised himself on one elbow, and looked out the window. In the east the sky was beginning to glow with the threat of sunrise. Above the red, a wide expanse of blue sky foretold a rainless day. Warily he sank back against the pillow and closed his eyes tightly. The rain he had heard—just another trick of his imagination.

"Eric! Are you up?"

He lay still. Let her call. Let her call until she was hoarse, he was saying to himself. He heard his father scraping his feet on the back step. Old Pete was back from the barn and ready for breakfast.

"Looks like it's going to be another scorcher," Ella observed.

Old Pete coughed violently. Eric shook his head, trying to dismiss a mental picture of the stooped shoulders, the graying hair, the wrinkled face, the red, weak eyes. He shuddered. He heard the screen door open and shut, and then Pete was asking a question.

Eric eased his feet to the floor and raised himself to a sitting position on the edge of the bed. His muscles were

Top terrorized him. For a long time now he had felt the urge to get away and discover new opportunities for himself.

The rental library was full of books that described strange and faraway places. He was thoroughly convinced that somewhere—somewhere away from Flat Top, the cotton field, blue denims, and rough shoes—life could have a beginning. He was going to find that place someday. He kept telling himself over and over. Someday he would leave Flat Top.

When he entered the kitchen a few minutes later, Pete was sopping thick white gravy with huge chunks of biscuit. Resentment and disdain welled up inside Eric.

"Your coffee is getting cold, Eric." Ella glanced uncertainly at Pete as though she expected him to say something. Pete was licking a finger clean of gravy. Eric passed through the kitchen to the back porch without saying a word. Slowly, he poured water into a tin basin and washed his face and hands. He reached for the family towel that hung on a nail over the wash bench. It was damp and smelled musty. He shrank

"Better eat a lot. It'll be a long morning," Pete counseled.

Eric stirred his coffee slowly. It was black and bitter. Pete and Ella liked it that way. Again rebellion welled up inside him. He pushed the cup away.

Ella watched him closely. "Is there something wrong with the coffee, Eric?"

"I've told you before. I can't drink it strong that way."

"I didn't think I was making it too strong," she said, and a hurt tone crept into her voice.

Eric was silent.

"Don't you want a hot biscuit?"

Eric wondered why she didn't leave him alone.

"I'm not hungry."

"You'd better eat," Pete admonished again. "If goin' out at night is goin' to take your appetite away, I think you'd better stay at home from now on."

"What time did you get home, Eric?"

"I didn't look at the clock."

"When it gets to where you can't get



up mornings and you can't eat, it's time you quit goin'."

Eric felt his face burn with anger. He was on the verge of replying, but Pete, not quite satisfied that he had said enough, continued.

"Looks like you'd think a little more about helpin' me and your mother. Time's come when we can't do everything by ourselves."

"Oh, for heaven sake!" Eric exploded.

"Eric!" Ella was shocked.

He bit into a biscuit and chewed viciously. It grew large in his mouth and he gulped it down with an effort. Why didn't he go today?

Pete looked stern. Ella was blinking her eyes in an effort to hold back the tears.

"Is that all the respect you have for your mother? After all she's gone through for you. You'd think you'd at least have the decency . . ."

Eric broke in, "I'm sorry—I-I—" He rushed from the table. He could hear Ella crying. And he shut the door to muffle the sound. Here in his room he would forget for a minute.

His room—little things, the dirty, torn wallpaper, the missing knob on his dresser, the cracked enamel on the iron bedstead, the faded curtains that hung across the corner to form a clothes closet, the bare floor—this was his room, his only retreat. He couldn't understand what was happening inside him, or what he was rebelling against. It was unimportant. He was unhappy, desperately unhappy, and he connected that unhappiness with forces about him that were stronger than he.

Not attempting to analyze, he vented his hatred against the few tangible things around him that were real and knew that, as long as he remained where he was, living would be bitter. Leaving, he told himself, was his only chance. Somewhere away from this room, away from Pete and Ella, away from the cotton patches, he might start over—somewhere in new surroundings, he might start over again and forget this. In the books that he read, people were happy. They worked without complaint. They found a certain degree of satisfaction and accomplishment in their work.

Maybe he too would be like these people. He didn't know; he wasn't sure.

Ella watched him closely.  
"Is there something wrong?"

He attempted to build up his own courage by repeating over and over to himself, "I'll go—somewhere." More than once he had reasoned with himself thus. His conclusion was always the same. He would go. He asked himself now why did he hesitate? What was he

afraid of? Probably just not knowing, probably a fear of finding himself lost in a situation that was strange to him. He had only read. Maybe out there things were much the same. Maybe there was nothing else. Through the window he could see the young cotton spreading itself out over acres—not a breath of wind was stirring, and every plant stood regally still. A crack in the windowpane slashed through the picture, distorting his perspective and rendering in half the scene that stretched before him. "I'll grow old planting cotton, seeing it parch in the summer heat, selling it for five cents a pound, and borrowing money to plant again. I'll have sons to rail at across the breakfast table and watch them grow into stooped, coughing, tired, old men. Year after year it'll be the same."

"Eric!"

Eric jumped at the sound of his father's voice breaking the stillness.

"Eric, let's go!" Pete was sure of himself, and Eric resented it. He was tired of being told what to do, and Pete always told him.

He heard Pete's chair scrape against the floor, and a moment later the screen door slammed. Slowly Eric arose. There was a stone in his shoe that bit into his foot. "Damn," he murmured softly, and

opened, but it had. He was going, going now.

He was a little breathless. Now that the decision was made, he felt suddenly strong. It was difficult to imagine why he had ever hesitated. It seemed so simple. In a few minutes, he'd walk out that door and never again be shut in by the four walls of this room. Whistling softly, he pushed aside the cretonne curtains and rummaged around in the corner until he'd fished out an old, battered suitcase. He pushed it to the center of the room with his foot and began exploring to decide what he'd take with him. Just a few items, he told himself—just those things he'd need until he'd got a job.

His eyes fell on the book that he'd borrowed from the rental library. He'd like to take it with him, but no, it wouldn't be honest. Besides, there would be books where he was going—many of them. Really, he should take that book back, but then, he reasoned, he didn't have time to be bothered with trifles. Ella would take care of it later. For a moment he was disturbed. Ella. When she found that he was gone, what would she do? He found it easier to dismiss this question than to solve it.

As the final move, he crossed to the dresser, opened the top drawer, and

additional safety precaution. Raising his eyes, he caught a glimpse of his face in the yellowed, distorted mirror. It would be a better looking face in a better mirror. He put on his hat, picked up the grip, and breathed deeply. He was flamboyantly proud of himself—at last he had done it.

Eric slipped through the door. He hoped desperately that he could get away without being seen by Ella or Pete. He peered around the corner of the house. Ella was nowhere in sight. Pete was down by the barn gate stooped over hitching the mules to the plow. Eric made a quick dash—once around the house, down behind a little clump of trees some hundred yards distance he would find himself in the lane and safely on his way.

Pete raised himself, muttered under his breath, "Seems like he's just no 'count. Can't get him to do a honest day's work to save my life." He turned in the direction of the house and caught a glimpse of Eric as he hastened toward the clump of trees. For a moment he was speechless. It was easy to see what was happening. Eric—dressed in his Sunday clothes and with a suitcase—was leaving. Regaining his power of speech after a few seconds, he exploded, "Eric!"

Eric froze in his tracks. One of the mules gave a lurch forward and kicked with all his might. The hoof landed with a soft thud. Eric turned just in time to see what had happened. The mules ran wildly, leaving behind them a cloud of dust. For a minute Pete was completely hidden. And then the dust cleared slowly away, and Pete lay still. Eric's head swam. He wasn't sure. He couldn't see clearly. But it looked red and it was spilling out over the tired old face and forming a little pool against the white rocks.

Two hours later, Eric stood in the door leading to his room and stared down at the suitcase which was sitting in the middle of the floor. He had left it there immediately after the tragedy. Apparently no one observed the part it had played in old Pete's death. Not even Ella. In Eric's own mind it was associated psychologically with the exhilarating sense of freedom and independence that he had experienced for that brief period. As he stared at it now, his tired nervous system yielded slightly to that old tingling sensation. He closed the door and crossed the room quickly. His shoes creaked and each step crashed in his ears. He touched the shabby, worn suitcase.

Suddenly he felt tired. His eyes strayed outside his window. There he saw a little group of men huddled together. They looked strangely out of character in their best clothes, and the usual robust voices were muffled until all that reached his ears was a murmur. Eric had



*Eric listened to  
the soft beating of the rain*

balancing himself on one leg, he untied the shoestring and emptied his shoe on the floor. He heard the shuffle of feet outside, and then Ella's voice, almost apologetic, reminding him, "Eric, your pa's going to be mad if you don't hurry."

Eric dropped the shoe to the floor with a thud and desperately bolted his door. He didn't know how it had hap-

removed a small handful of bills and coins. Slowly he counted—seven bills and ten, fifteen, forty, forty-two cents. Seven dollars and forty-two cents. He had no idea how much he would need, but this amount appeared ample. He'd been saving it in little dribbles for over a year. He slipped it into his pocket and pushed it down into the farthest corner as an



witnessed such a scene once years before. Grandpa Williams died, and he went with his father. They had stood outside, and he listened to his elders make conversation in a forced and unnatural way. Eric remembered his childish terror as he held the hand of his father. That was long ago, and now he didn't belong to that group. He closed his eyes, and the same old feeling of terror and child-like fear stole over him.

In the room next to his, Ella sat alone with Pete. He could hear her crying softly. It seemed like Ella was always crying, but there was something different this time, something more real. Someone came from the kitchen. He counted the footsteps, and then they stopped.

"He was a good man, Ella. Nobody can say any different."

"I know that. It ain't every woman that has as good a man. Seems like I just don't know what to do now."

"It's hard, Ella, but it's something we've all got to do. We've all got to die, and the Lord knows best."

Ella sobbed louder.

"There now," the voice continued, "we've all stood by them that's in trouble, Ella. We can't bring your man back, but we'll see that you're taken care of. Jim Haynes was sayin' just a little while ago he had his cotton all plowed, and that he'd come over just as quick as everything's over. An' they'll all do it. Just mark my word, they'll all do it, Ella."

"It's awful good of 'em. But it ain't that I'm troubled about. Me and Eric'll get along. Eric's a good boy."

Silence.

"He's a good boy, Bess. And I ain't got no cause to worry there. He may take a little learning, but he'll take care of me. I don't worry none about that."

It might have been a moment. It might have been an hour. But when he opened his eyes the suitcase was still there. He stared at it apathetically. Something had happened. He felt cold and hard—no warmth, neither love nor hate. Nothing. He gave the suitcase a vicious kick that sent it scurrying underneath the cretonne curtain. Mechanically he took the money from his pocket—seven dollars and forty-two cents—and placed it under the newspaper that covered the bottom of his dresser drawer. Pete would be buried tomorrow. And then—another day—another year—and years.

Through the cracked windowpane, he saw the young cotton spreading out over the acres. Each plant stood still and regal.

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## A spiritual thought for the month



# Keeping Civilized

by

**IGNATIUS SMITH, O. P.**

**T**HE Fourth of July, recalling as it does the signing of the Declaration of Independence, also provokes thoughts about our freedom. We are reminded of how our concept of freedom has changed and how much many of our liberties are abused.

Many of our people today do not realize that freedom has to be kept under control in order to keep it free. They think that freedom of worship means the freedom to ignore or to attack God. They think that freedom of speech and of other means of communication implies the right to voice any kind of an opinion, at any time and in any place. Too many think that the freedom of election has no controls before God and in conscience. Too many excuse their crimes against God and their fellow men by the statement that this is a free country.

Anarchy is a mean name, yet occasionally one finds public speakers objecting to the terms "rulers and ruled" in this American democracy. The word authority and authoritative have likewise fallen into disrepute. The freedom of this day seems to have abandoned all restraint. Certainly it now has a popular meaning far different from that of more hallowed tradition.

Freedom is very much like virtue in that it is always found in the middle of the road. Take thrift as an example. If thrift goes too far to one extreme you have the vice of miserliness. If it goes too far in the other direction you have the vice of prodigality. It is not that you have too much or too little thrift. It

is the fact that thrift disappears when it leaves the middle of the road.

Freedom can also wander. Let it go too far in one direction and you have license or anarchy. Let it get out of control and you have slavery and tyranny.

Our Divine Master had great respect for human freedom. His life, His teachings, and His death were directed to the emancipation of mankind from the slavery of sin and hell. That same teaching offers the best delivery today from mental or moral slavery. His doctrinal teachings free the mind from ignorance and error. His moral laws show how life can be kept virtuous and free from the slavery of sin. St. John must have had these facts in mind when he wrote, "If the Son shall make you free you shall be free indeed." "You shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

The Redeemer of the human race, the Great Emancipator, the Champion of real freedom is needed today to get freedom back into the middle of the road. Now the concept of real liberty is a stranger to millions. All of our freedoms are in jeopardy until once again our people acknowledge the sovereignty of God. There is where real American freedom began in 1776. There is where it must return to shortly. It is true that our Founding Fathers acknowledged that our rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness come from God. It is true also that they spoke the truth. It is also true that the best control of liberty is that which comes from the God who gave it to us.



### Calvary and the Mass

What is meant when we say that the Mass is the renewal of Calvary?—O. M. G., UNION CITY, N. J.

The Council of Trent (D. B. 940) indicated two reasons why the Mass renews the sacrifice of the cross: (a) the same Christ who offered Himself on the cross is contained in the sacrifice of the Mass, and (b) He is immolated there in an unbloody manner. Both of these reasons require further explanation.

The Mass is the renewal of Calvary first of all because during the Mass, Christ is really on the altar for the same purpose that He one day hung upon a cross. Just as soon as the priest utters the words which change bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Christ, Jesus, the High Priest of humanity, is once again present on our altar and offering a perfect sacrifice to His Father in heaven. It is a sacrifice of adoration and thanksgiving filled with the flawless love and filial obedience which once made the Son of God stretch Himself out upon a cross. He is there as a priest still intent upon offering an adequate apology for the daily sins of His brethren, still anxious to utter an irresistible appeal for the forgiveness they need and the strengthening graces without which they will go on repeating their sins.

But this real presence of a Christ still imbued with His priestly power and spirit is not of itself enough to make the Mass a renewal of the sacrifice of Calvary. In a sacrifice there must be an immolation or a destruction of the victim as an acknowledgment of God's sovereignty over all things. Since Christ, Who is the victim as well as the priest in His Eucharistic sacrifice, has entered into glory and can no longer suffer pain or endure death, He can be immolated in the Mass only in an unbloody manner. Before we can explain how He is immolated there, it is necessary to understand how a sacrament works its effects.

The Mass is a sacramental sacrifice. This means that it is enacted through the use of signs, namely, the appearances of bread and wine. And it is the nature of a sacramental sign to cause the effect that is signified by it. Thus, for example, the water of Baptism signifies a cleansing, and by the power of God it really causes the cleansing of a person's soul even though the water doesn't actually wash the soul.

If we bear in mind this principle that the sacraments cause the effect that they signify, it is easier to see how our Lord is

immolated in an unbloody manner during the Mass. This is brought about by the *separate* consecration of the bread and wine. When the priest utters over the bread words which of *themselves* produce only Christ's Body and then utters over the wine words which of *themselves* produce only Christ's Blood, the words of consecration, as well as the appearances of bread and wine, signify a separation of Christ's Body from His Blood. In other words, they signify a state of death. Christ is presented to the eyes of our faith in the role of a victim. And because sacramental signs cause what they signify, the separate consecration of the bread and wine brings about the mystical or unbloody immolation which makes the Mass a sacrifice.

In reality Christ is whole and unharmed and radiantly alive under the appearance of bread and under the appearance of wine. But it isn't necessary to look for a real death or real suffering in the Mass, because it is a sacramental sacrifice. By presenting us with a symbolic death of Christ, the Mass commemorates His real death upon the cross. And by bringing to our altars the real Christ who undergoes this symbolic death, the Mass renews the whole force of that first saving sacrifice. That is why we are speaking literally when we say that the Mass is the renewal of Calvary.

### The Sacramental Character

1. Will you please explain the purpose of the character imprinted on our souls at Baptism?

2. Is the character received with Confirmation a different one, or simply a deepening of the Baptismal character?—F. J. J., BOSTON, MASS.

1. Most people think of the Baptismal character as simply a distinguishing mark. They imagine that it is stamped upon a baptized soul in much the same way that the seal of the United States Treasury is stamped upon a five dollar bill. The difference between a baptized and an unbaptized infant is conceived by them as being something like the difference between two babies, one of whom is rosy-cheeked and dimpled and the other pinch-faced and pale.

The character *does* fulfill its purpose by serving as a distinguishing mark. It marks a soul as being one deputed to worship God under the leadership of Christ. But this is not its sole, or even its primary, purpose. The character is not primarily given so that the soul can be recognized as *being* something but rather so that it will have the power of *doing* something. And the act to which the character ordains the Christian soul is to worship God with that spirit of holiness and truth which makes Christ's eternal sacrifice a perfect liturgy of praise.

Since all of mankind's capacity for pleasing the Father and the whole force of our sacrificial worship of God is derived from the priesthood of Christ, the Baptismal character is nothing less than a real participation in the priesthood of Christ. It is because of it that Christians have a right and duty to offer the Mass with the priest, to share in its fruits, and to receive the Blessed Sacrament. Likewise it is the Baptismal character which enables a Christian man and woman to administer the sacrament of Matrimony to each other when the marriage is contracted under the conditions established by the Church.

2. By imprinting a character, both Baptism and Confirmation make the Christian a sharer of the priesthood of Christ. But the sharing of that priesthood is in different degrees. The priesthood of Christ is one supernatural reality, but the characters of Baptism and Confirmation are different from each other because the power they confer is different. Since divine worship is a profession of faith through external signs and the priesthood of Christ is a power which not only receives divine gifts but also confers upon others, one sacramental character can confer the power of performing greater

priestly activity than another. Thus the Baptismal character primarily ordains us to be recipients of the gifts won for the world by Christ's priesthood, and thereby entitles us to receive the other sacraments. But the character of Confirmation empowers us to profess the truths of faith publicly and deposes us, officially as it were, to fight against those *visible* enemies who rob God of the worship He deserves and despise His people through ignorance, error, or malice.

In conclusion it can be said that the purpose of the sacramental characters, the distinction and the power conferred by them, might be well expressed in words which St. Peter addressed to the Christian world: "But you are a chosen generation, a kingly priesthood, a holy nation, a purchased people: that you may declare His virtues, Who hath called you out of darkness into His marvelous light." (1 Peter 2:9)

### Unbaptized Babies

*After losing a child through a miscarriage, this thought occurred to me: a child who is brought to the baptismal font cannot profess his faith, a sponsor does so for him and original sin is removed by Baptism of water; why then in the case of a child who never gets the chance to be brought to the baptismal font are we not correct in feeling that the parent's desire will substitute for the child's own desire just as the sponsor's promises do, and then the child would be saved by baptism of desire?—*

E. L., PARKCHESTER, N. Y.

It is wrong to think that there is a parallel here between the sponsor's promises and the parent's desire. In the case of Baptism of water the child's original sin is not removed because the sponsor makes a profession of faith in his name. No faith is needed on the child's part. The sacrament is conferred by the *Church's faith* in its effectiveness at removing original sin; there is no obstacle on the child's part preventing the effectiveness of the sacrament; and it is the nature of a sacrament to achieve its effect as long as no obstacle stands in its way. So Baptism of water benefits the infant simply because the sacramental action is applied by the Church's faith to a fit subject.

But in the case of baptism of desire, the situation is different. Baptism of desire is really nothing else than a perfect act of love coupled with an inability to receive Baptism of water. And an act of love is *immediately* and *directly* sanctifying only for the one who makes it. So a parent cannot substitute for a child in supplying the very essence of baptism of desire in the same way that a sponsor substitutes for him when making the nonessential profession of faith which accompanies Baptism of water.

God's Providence in regard to babies who die without Baptism is a matter about which we do not have detailed revelation. We do know, however, that Christ was uncompromising when speaking about the necessity of Baptism. Thus He said to Nicodemus, "Amen, Amen, I say to thee, unless a man be born again of water and the Spirit, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God." (John 3:5). And it is a doctrine of Faith that souls stained with original sin cannot enjoy the beatific vision of God which accounts for the supreme happiness of heaven.

Theologians have speculated on the possibility of God's having some extraordinary Providence in regard to these unbaptized babies. The great commentator on St. Thomas, Cardinal Cajetan, suggested a theory somewhat like the one proposed by our inquirer. But the Fathers of the Council of Trent found it reprehensible, and Pope Pius V ordered that it be deleted from Cajetan's works. This severity, however, may have been occasioned by the fact that at the time many Reformers were attacking the necessity of Baptism.

While pointing out what an inestimable loss it is to be deprived of the vision of God, St. Thomas (*De Malo*, Q. 5,

a. 1-3) teaches that these unbaptized babies will enjoy great natural happiness. He maintains that there will be no sensible pain in their eternal life because they have never been personally guilty of rejecting God and sinfully indulging their own selfishness. Likewise they will have no interior sadness because either they will not know about the supernatural life which they never received or, if knowing of its existence, they will be perfectly conformed to the Will of God which did not bestow it upon them.

So in conclusion it should be noted that a Catholic mother should not be unbecomingly grief-stricken if a child which she has conceived never gets the opportunity to receive Baptism. If God creates a soul, it is destined to contribute to His glory in some way or another. And even if a child who dies without Baptism has only some form of natural happiness, he will be eternally grateful to those who, under God, are responsible for his having the gift of life.

### The Church in Wales

*What is the condition of the Catholic Church in Wales?—*A. M. O'D., NEW YORK, N. Y.

According to the latest Catholic Directory there are 104,554 Catholics in Wales. They are served by 283 diocesan priests and 140 priests belonging to religious congregations. There are 236 churches and public chapels. And these are spread throughout the Archdiocese of Cardiff and the Diocese of Menevia.

### Refusal to Have Children

*If two Catholics marry and one or the other refuses to have children, can the marriage be annulled? If so, would that mean that the innocent party or even both parties would have the right to remarry in the Catholic Church?—*R. MCM., CASTLE SHANNON, PA.

Marriage is a contract wherein a man and woman give and receive a right over each other's body for the performance of acts designed for the procreation of children. The right transferred is exclusive. This means that it cannot be shared with anyone else. And it is perpetual, or, in other words, it cannot be cut down or hemmed in with any kind of time limits. From the very nature of marriage it follows that there can be no valid contract unless this *exclusive* and *perpetual* right to *normal* marital relations is granted to each other by contracting parties.

Consequently, if a bride or groom intended to reserve the right to enjoy marital relations with a third party, or if a bride intended to grant the right to marital relations only during that period of the month when conception would be unlikely, or if the groom intended to grant the right only with the provision that he would be entitled to employ contraceptives, there just wouldn't be any marriage. It is possible, however, for one or both parties to will to grant the real right of marriage, yet all the while intend to abuse the partner's right by committing adultery, practicing birth prevention, or unjustifiably refusing to pay the marriage debt. In this latter case the marriage would be valid, but the sacrament would be received sacrilegiously.

In most cases wherein two Catholics marry and one or the other subsequently refuses to have children, there was no intention to restrict the right conferred by the contract but simply a sinful refusal to assume the obligations of married life or a wilful disregard for a right which is acknowledged in theory but denied in practice. If, however, it could be proven that one or both parties did not actually intend to confer an exclusive and perpetual right to normal marital relations, the marriage would be invalid, a declaration of nullity could be obtained, and both parties could remarry.



# SPORTS

by DON DUNPHY

## Baseball Scoring

For some time I have been wondering if something couldn't be done to change the scoring rules on certain baseball plays to make them a bit fairer. As you probably know, every organized baseball game—league, college, high school, semi-pro, and even sandlot—has its official scorer and, in most cases, he has certain rules to go by in the scoring of hits, errors, winning and losing pitchers, and so forth. In other cases, he has a certain latitude or discretion in making his decision.

I have no quarrel with the vast number of rules, official or unofficial, which guide the scorer, but I think there are several that could be improved. For instance, I'll give you a specific point: the throw from the outfield to cut off or head off base runners. Under present scoring, if the baseman or catcher cannot handle the throw, if it is wild, or, for any other reason, gets away from the intended receiver, permitting the runner to advance, an error is charged to the outfielder who threw the ball. This is all right in the case of a wild heave, but to me it seems very unfair in cases where the ball gets away through no fault of the thrower. The other day, in a game between the Yankees and the Tigers, Detroit had a runner on first when the batter lined a clean hit to center field. The runner rounded second and tried for third. Joe DiMaggio fielded the ball and fired what seemed to be a perfect throw to third baseman Billy Johnson. As you know, it is customary for outfielders to throw on one bounce. Well DiMaggio's throw apparently had the runner beaten, but just before it arrived at third it hit a pebble and bounced away from Johnson. The run scored and DiMaggio was charged with an error. The papers next day carried headlines that DiMaggio's error gave the Tigers a run. Now I hold no brief for DiMag. He's a great ballplayer and is well paid for it. But the point is, did he really commit an error? When an outfielder drops a fly ball or an infielder fires a throw over the first baseman's head, it's plain to one and all that it is and should be charged an error. But an outfielder making a throw to one of the bases or to home plate is upward of 250 feet away from his target. If he makes what is an otherwise perfect throw and it

hits a pebble or a little clump of dirt that he certainly didn't know was there, and bounds away, it seems to me that an innocent party is charged with an error. Or, on the same subject, if a fielder makes an otherwise perfect throw to a base and the ball and the runner arrive simultaneously, if the ball hits the runner and bounds away, an error is charged to the fielder. It seems to me that when a man carries out his assignment by throwing perfectly to a base, but the ball gets away because of factors beyond his control, he should not be charged with an error. What do you think?

## Bouquets to Boudreau

Come July 17, Lou Boudreau, Manager of the Cleveland Indians, will be thirty-one years old. But the hustle, drive, and determination of this handsome, dark-haired fielding genius still outdoes that of the most ambitious rookie getting his first chance on the big time.

A lot of hard drives have come at Lou since he came up to Cleveland 'way back

in 1939, but those who watch him every day insist he's improving with age and better than ever. It's that fielding finesse that continues to amaze the fans, but talk to the pitchers and they'll tell you it's Boudreau at the plate who continues to worry them. For as a clutch hitter Lou already has established himself as one of the greatest the majors have ever seen. For the past eight full seasons, the Indian pilot has averaged 66 runs batted in per year and has scored an average of 73 markers. And if you don't think he's tough when the pressure is heaviest, just take a look at his .400 batting average in four Major League All-Star games. They've been calling Marty Marion of the Cardinals Mr. Shortstop for several years now, but, for my dough, I'll take Lou Boudreau.

## Got Older Fast

Ever hear about the time a ten-year-old kid came up to Mel Ott in the Giant Manager's office at the Polo Grounds? Seems that the youngster was a ballplayer of sorts. This particular day the Giants were in the midst of a losing streak which had plummeted them into the cellar. But Ottie as ever was congenial with the boy.

"What can I do for you, son?" asked the Giant skipper.

"Mr. Ott," replied the youth, "I'm a shortstop and I'd like to play for the Giants."

"You're kind of young, aren't you?" asked Ott.

"I'm ten, and I can hit and field and



Lou Boudreau—hustle, drive, and determination

throw, and I'm very fast," persisted the boy.

"But you're too young," said Ott. "Tell you what! Suppose you come back when you've aged a little. Come back in about eight years. Maybe we can use you then. Meanwhile we're playing the Dodgers a doubleheader today. You sit in the stands and enjoy the game."

The boy did as he was bid and left. Meanwhile the Giants took on the Dodgers and were soundly trounced in both games of the double bill.

A very discouraged Mr. Ott was sitting alone in his office after the debacle. The door opened and Ott looked up. It was the ten-year-old again.

Said Ott, "Son, I thought I told you to come back when you were a lot older."

The boy shook his head sadly. "Mr. Ott," he said. "I watched the Giants blow that double-header today, and I grew old before my time. I aged about ten years out there. Now I think I'm ready."

### Drop that Slogan

When Branch Rickey, majordomo of the Brooklyn baseball Dodgers, decided to go into the football business, his first problem was finding himself a coach. Not only did he need a coach, but he needed a man who could procure material and head the football administrative organization. The man selected for this responsible position was Charles M. Voyles.

It is not hard to see why Rickey chose Voyles. He has been identified with fine football throughout his long and varied career. After graduation from Oklahoma A. and M., he became a very capable assistant to Bob Zuppke at the University of Illinois. Later he did a splendid job at William and Mary. Inheriting wartime material at Auburn, Voyles had his roughest going the two years prior to taking the Brooklyn job. However, when he left the Alabama school he turned over a promising group of freshmen to his successor.

Voyles was not in Brooklyn long before announcements of the signing of topnotch players began to hit the headlines. Hank Foldberg, Dan Edwards, George Strohmeier, and the like were signing with the rejuvenated football Dodgers. Brooklyn seems to be on the upgrade at last in football. Maybe as their baseball cousins did, they'll be able to drop that slogan, "Wait till next year." If they do, you can credit the job to Mr. Voyles.

### Sign Sportshorts

Do you know, golf may become one of the most popular college sports, if P.G.A. bigwigs pay heed to the utterances of their former director, Freddie Corcoran. Freddie is of the opinion that the future may show a lack of topflight golf talent, and that this lack will ultimately affect the caliber of champion-



Charles Voyles—rejuvenator of the football Dodgers

ship play. At present, he claims, there are no Bobby Jones, Walter Hagens, Gene Sarazens, or Byron Nelsons on the horizon. He thinks that professional golf, like baseball and pro football, should set up talent schools and scouting systems to develop lads into good golfers in their early years. What better place to start than in the colleges?

Mention of pro baseball brings to mind the fact that at least three big league clubs are bidding wildly for the services of Sammy Jethro, fleet outfielder of the Cleveland Buckeyes, in the Negro American League. As a matter of fact, the success of Jackie Robinson and Larry Doby has started a casing of all Negro Leagues and independent teams and more and more Negroes will make the big time . . . We learn that Michigan, U.C.L.A., and New York University are in the scramble to obtain the crack relay team from Boys' High, Brooklyn. The lads are Jim Conway, Al Welsh, Jim Gathers, and Roger Montgomery.

Getting back to baseball, isn't it time they stopped calling the American League the Junior Circuit? After all it's about forty-six-years old. And, by the way, when are they going to rename the Yankee Stadium and call it Babe Ruth Stadium? After all, his home runs built it. A magnificent gesture like that would be a great tonic for the big fellow when he needs it most.

### Larrupin' Lee

As we go to press heavyweight Lee Savold is the holder of the Madison Square Garden knockout record, a feat he achieved when he kayoed Gino Buonvino of Italy in fifty-three seconds of the first round last March. This victory capped a series of ups and downs that have followed Savold all his long career. At times he has seemed to be one of the best heavyweights around, but at others he has driven his followers to distraction.

His main failing was the inability to stay in shape. Both Bill Daly, his manager, and Lee himself realize that too many good opportunities have been kicked out the window by the former Des Moines battler, but they assure me that all that is past and from now on, it is strictly business with the great left hooker.

It is not inconceivable that Savold may get a crack at the heavyweight title within the next year or so. There are only a few really good heavyweights around and 'Larrupin' Lee ranks right with them.



Heavyweight Lee Savold



## CHARITY-- with the zest of youth

by JOAN CHRISTIE

*Pat O'Brien gathers his family's contribution*

**Dateless weekends, raffles and doughnut  
stands, barn dances and corsage booths, all  
fitted into youth's ingenious plan**

**I**F you're titillated by news items of the man-bites-dog variety, you'll enjoy this: last fall, the girls at an American college planned—with enthusiasm—a dateless, movieless, stay-at-home week end. They did this in order to contribute the money that would have financed a week end of fun to the Student Relief Campaign, a cause which collected \$200,000 in goods and money through this and similar activities in Catholic colleges across the country. These were no frivolous projects, but serious endeavors, involving personal sacrifices whose purpose was to extend a life-line to oppressed fellow students in devastated lands.

In the past eight months, these collegians have sent life-sustaining gifts of food, clothing, and medicines to bolster the waning strength of students

in eleven war-worn countries. Youths in the universities of France, Germany, China, Austria, Poland, Italy, Spain, Holland, the Philippines, Hungary, and Belgium have been helped from Catholic colleges in the United States.

Probably never before has there been such a striking demonstration of charity as a binding force among the students of the world. When the World Federation of Democratic Youth or American Youth for Democracy talked about the unity of world youth, our State Department and all right-thinking persons worried, for this brand of unity was tainted with the glow of the Red Star. But now, young people whose allegiance is to the standard of Christ are stretching their hands across the continents. They are seeking a student unity within the fuller unity of the Mystical Body,

expressing their desire for fellowship in concrete terms of the corporal works of mercy. Here is new meaning for the phrase "student community"—or is it the pristine meaning re-established?

It was in April 1947 that the Student Relief Campaign took shape in the minds of delegates from 151 Catholic colleges assembled at the Congress of the National Federation of Catholic College Students. They were a group newly alerted to the strong currents flowing through the youth sphere. They knew the dangers of defaulting on applied Christianity, for they had seen the forces of Antichrist advance on the very strength of Christian principles—at some point turned inside out.

Their experience pointed its application on the question of student relief. In the past, the most articulate groups



clamoring for the relief of intellectuals were leftist factions. So well was it known that the intelligentsia abroad were the leaders whom the people would follow!

Yet could any challenge have a more direct reference to the twofold law of love than did this one of assisting a suffering humanity? The Federation delegates admitted their responsibility, grasped their opportunity, and launched the Student Relief Campaign.

Passed unanimously, a resolution of the Congress directed that a committee be appointed to investigate the relief situation and set up the mechanics of a working program. This committee began with only the nebulous will of the Congress to do something for student relief—but there was weight in that will.

Before its mandate expired, the group had outlined the broad terms of the Campaign, obtained the agreement of War Relief Services—National Catholic Welfare Conference, to direct purchasing and shipping, and named an Executive Director for the project. The Most Reverend John T. McNicholas, chairman of the administrative board of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, and the Most Reverend Richard J. Cushing, chairman of the Youth Department, NCWC, approved the general plan for the Campaign. Before the fall semester opened, student chairmen in twenty regions throughout the country stood ready to organize their committees and launch activities.

Response to the Campaign gained momentum gradually. Never before had the Catholic colleges been called to such a concerted effort which passed the bounds of the individual campuses. It took time before views which were inclined to be "campus-centric" shifted to

focus on the world. Young people had to extend their horizons beyond the ivy-covered walls till the campus scene would fit into proper perspective on the world scene. This was the educational value of the Campaign stressed by Archbishop Cushing: that the individual student would grow in a sense of personal responsibility in the world and within the Mystical Body.

There were some stumblings as students assumed their responsibility, there were further falterings when the committees faced their task of large-scale organizing. However, as a new intensity marked their thinking, the marks of skill graced their labors. As these qualities developed, the drives advanced with a success that was startling.

Prayer and self-sacrifice sounded the twin notes of the Campaign's opening theme. With a High Mass in Philadelphia, a Communion Sunday in New England, and devotions in campus chapels throughout the country, American students knelt to intercede for their fellows abroad. At the same time, sacrifice collections were taken up to provide for material needs.

Campus committees then went on to find other ways of adding to their totals. Benefit sales and entertainments became the order of the day.

From Holy Names College, San Francisco, to Dunbarton in Washington, D. C., there were doughnut, candy, and handicrafts sales. The home economics group at St. Teresa's, Minnesota, offered their cakes for sale in the St. Mary's cafeteria—at a student-relief profit. Even services, such as rides downtown, were auctioned.

Dances became popular fund-raisers with Villanova inviting their Philadelphia neighbors to swing their partners at a Barn Dance, and the junior prom-

enaders at Mercyhurst in Erie, Pa., persuading their dates to patronize the "Flowers for Relief" booth for corsages.

Every section of the country found its own specialty. There were winter carnivals in New England and a Mexican dinner at Incarnate Word in San Antonio. Los Angeles colleges enlisted help from golfers playing their national tournament, while the giant thermometer on the campus of Loyola University spurted to mark the rising contributions. The New York-New Jersey group sponsored a national premiere of a motion picture with an in-person show featuring Frank Fay, Hal LeRoy, and the DeMarco Sisters.

At the University of Notre Dame, the flashing teamwork of the Irish was once more in evidence, this time away from the football stadium. Louis J. Burns of Washington, D. C., chaired the campus committee to a relief victory. The campus drives opened with a raffle on the football used in the Tulane game, autographed by the team, and a personal solicitation drive netted one dollar a student. Home-city clubs sponsored their own benefit balls. Next came a raffle on a 1948 convertible which would win any college man to parting with the price of a chance. A crescendo of pre-Lenten activity led up to a gala Mardi Gras, and the Campaign closed in the spirit of carnival. Totals had skyrocketed to the unparalleled figure of \$32,600. Notre Dame's administration hailed the Campaign as "unquestionably the greatest project ever undertaken by Notre Dame students," and added that "the spirit and enterprise of the student body in lending their support are overwhelming."

When the 1948 NFCCS Congress convened at Philadelphia last April, it had

(Continued on page 60)

Angie Bayo (left) and Ed Farrell (right) shown with Actor Frank Fay of "Harvey" fame



Notre Dame staged a Mardi Gras Carnival and these four enthusiasts are running an auction sale. Notre Dame sent \$32,600



# 'twill Please again

Items Humorous or  
Unusual on Matters of  
Great or Little Moment

## Embassy Row's New Look

► FOREIGN EMBASSIES IN WASHINGTON have dispensed with frivolity and extravagance in view of postwar conditions abroad. From an article by Donald S. Stroetzel in "Pathfinder":

Austerity is Embassy Row's "new look"—the principle of not entertaining lushly while people abroad starve. Today when a Washington socialite drops in at tea time at the British Embassy, she gets tea—not cocktails. Evening festivities at the million-dollar turreted Georgian mansion are limited to small private dinners. Lights burning past midnight usually imply nothing more glamorous than First and Second Secretaries (middle-bracket diplomats) pounding out "dreary cables" to London.

Austerity has become a personal as well as an official must. Most new envoys no longer imitate the story-book ambassador—a man "rich, abstemious, not violent nor quarrelsome, witty without being talkative." Australia's Norman Makin, for instance, is a Methodist preacher and ex-union-boss who quit school at thirteen to work as a delivery boy. Italy's Alberto Tarchiani is a former newspaperman, India's Asaf Ali an underground independence worker. . . .

Practical diplomacy now de-glamorizes Washington's Embassy Row. But there is enough glitter left to thrill the three thousand curious who one day each spring pay \$2.75 to see inside the embassies. While Pakistan's embassy is a mere hotel suite, and Iceland's a two-family house, most diplomats still live in grandeur. At India's embassy an open-mouthed visitor can glimpse a perfectly scaled model of the white marble Taj Mahal, at Italy's a walled garden.

To pique visitors' curiosity, too, Embassy Row has its own peculiar mysteries. Why, for example, do they call it Embassy Row when foreign envoys do not live on a row at all, but in sixty-six residences scattered across Washington? Why should Central America's tiny El Salvador rate an embassy, Sweden a mere legation (second-class in diplomatic rank)?

Always hard to fathom is that peculiar product of international law known as diplomatic immunity. In simplest terms, it means Washington's cops cannot walk uninvited on 1.5 million square feet of embassy and legation property, that a diplomat's crime is punishable only under the laws of his own country.

## Mr. Baseball

► CONNIE MACK has no rivals for the title of "old timer" in the baseball world. "Magazine Digest" prints an interesting article on the manager of the Philadelphia Athletics, from which we quote:

Connie Mack (the double nickname became his legal designation more years ago than he can remember) would have become a legend if he had stayed in baseball for the

average span of fifteen or twenty years. He would be remembered as that strange character, a nondrinking, nonsmoking, nonsweating, nontemperamental, frail Irish-Yankee, who had made good among the robust, brawling screwballs who peopled baseball up to the turn of the century.

The fact that his active career in the sport has now reached sixty-five years leaves sports writers groping for words. They have settled on calling Connie Mack simply "Mr. Baseball."

To understand how the lanky figure of the Philadelphia Athletics' manager bestrides the history of baseball, a few comparisons are necessary. Take the case of the only man whose baseball fame compares with his—Babe Ruth. Fifteen years ago the Babe finished a long and spectacular career. But Connie Mack had completed a dozen years as a professional ball player and was in his second season as a big league manager when Babe Ruth was born.

A baseball fan feels that he is a real "old timer" if he can proudly recall having seen the great Grover Cleveland Alexander pitch. But Alexander was named for the President who tossed out the first ball on the opening day of the 1886 season—a game in which the catcher for Washington was one C. Mack.

At eighty-five, Connie Mack is not merely "playing out the string." He is putting everything he knows into fulfilling his final ambition—"one more pennant for Philadelphia." Baseball circles concede him a chance this year, with probably his best team since 1932. And if not this year, Mr. Mack will wait philosophically until next year, or the year after. His nine pennants have led him to believe in the law of averages. It hasn't let him down yet.

## A Vanishing Profession

► THE VILLAGE SMITHY has become a very uncommon sight in these days of motor and air travel. Harold Helfer, in "Nation's Business" tells what one college is doing about it:

So now there's a shortage of something else—village smithies, of all things. It's so acute that Michigan State College has opened a course in blacksmithing.

There's quite a bit of change to be picked up these days being a blacksmith, it seems. Wayne Dismore, secretary of the Horse and Mule Association of America, says \$6,000 to \$8,000 a year anyway. Which is an amount that would make the old village smith of Longfellow's day just about bust an anvil.

Today's smith doesn't stand under a chestnut tree. He puts his forge and anvil in a trailer and travels from farm to farm. There's one thing, though, that the modern blacksmith has to have in common with the old ones. He has to be a mighty man. It takes a fair amount of muscle to do anvil pounding and a few students at Michigan State have found the going too rugged. So the college probably will re-

quire that the would-be smiths bring a report from a doctor. Michigan State's course lasts twelve weeks. The student works six days a week learning the anatomy of a horse's foot and how to shape the iron shoes.

The Horse and Mule Association, alarmed at the disappearing blacksmith, is offering \$1,500 in scholarships to induce young men to enter this venerable profession.

### Our New Customers

► AMERICAN BUSINESSMEN have found new territory to explore in picturesque Siam. Excerpts from an article by Harold H. Martin in the "Saturday Evening Post":

Nobody loves the overtures to a business deal better than the Siamese—and nobody is harder finally to pin down to a contract. Strangely, the delay results not from conservatism, but from his bounding enthusiasm for bigger and better things. If you have been talking to him about building six bridges, he would like to see the figures on how much twelve would cost. If he has been thinking of improving the old airport at a cost of some 40,000,000 ticals—the tical being worth about six and a half cents—he would like to look at an architect's drawing of a brand-new airport, complete with hotel, restaurant, shops for tourists, and possibly a lake adjoining, for seaplanes. . . .

Young men who come to Bangkok with no particular plans except that they want to go into business are sometimes surprised at what they find themselves buying and selling. Willis H. Bird, who was experienced only in mail-order merchandising before the war pulled him into the OSS, came to town with the more or less vague idea that he wanted to represent an American chemical firm. He wrote them a letter, and they replied that they would be happy for him to sell their products in Bangkok, but what they really wanted was somebody to buy bones for them. So now Bird and his partner, Freddy Waugh, a former paratrooper, who once made a jump because a chute packer complained that he had never seen any of his work put to the test, are the leading bone buyers of Siam. . . . Bird also exports shellac and pepper, and imports items ranging from plate glass to twenty-five-cent books. He also has on hand about 200 tons of water-buffalo horns, which he bought because he had heard somewhere that in Italy before the war there was a great market for water-buffalo horns, though what they were used for he does not know. So far, he has been unable to find anybody who is interested in water-buffalo horns, in Italy or anywhere else.

### Big Ben of London

► THE WORLD'S most popular clock is the subject of an article by E. R. Yarham in "The Cross." A few excerpts:

This year, 1948, it will be exactly a quarter of a century since Big Ben's resonant chimes boomed round the world. Now its voice is known to millions over the radio. When, during the war, its massive tones boomed out daily, they proclaimed to the farthest corners of this planet that Britain stood unconquered.

Expert clockmakers not only in Britain but in foreign countries admit that Big Ben is the most wonderful public clock in the world. No other can compare with it for accuracy. On only nine days last year was it one second out, and on 121 days it was only one-fifth of a second out.

We are used to things being made on a large scale in the twentieth century, but the measurements of Big Ben are sufficiently startling even to modern minds. Some idea of its huge size can be grasped when it is said that the outer point of the minute hand jumps forward seven inches every half-minute. On the four sides of the clock tower are dial rooms traversed by mechanism which communicates motion from the clock to the hands.

Each of the dials is 22½ feet in diameter, and the cast-iron framework of each dial weighs four tons. The hour figures are two feet high and six feet apart, and the hands weigh more than two hundredweights, the minute hand being fourteen feet long and the hour hand nine feet. The pendulum weighs over a quarter of a ton and is fifteen feet long.

Remembering how popular Big Ben is today, it is rather queer to learn that years of wrangling and dispute took place before Big Ben was finally hung in position. Tenders for the clock and bell were put out in 1844, but it was not until 1858 that they were completed and solemnly christened St. Stephen by one of the workmen who had helped to haul them to the top of the tower, which is 316 feet high. He struck the great bell twenty-one times, and the superintendent of the work, Mr. Quarm, called out "St. Stephen." But "St. Stephen" was not destined to keep that name long, for the public immediately rechristened him "Big Ben," after the first Commissioner of Works at the time, Sir Benjamin Hall.

### Wrong Prospect

► THE BASEBALL SCOUT'S LIFE is not an easy one. Bob French tells this one in the "Toledo Blade":

Prompted by a desire to help Cubs Manager Charley Grimm, John Phillips, the Chicago statistician who turns out so many baseball averages, took a whirl at scouting last summer. This is what happened, according to Phillips.

He heard about a wonderful young pitcher and hurried out to look him over. The prospect turned out to be even more wonderful than anticipated. Phillips collared the kid right after the game, rushed him down to the hotel, locked him in a room, and phoned Grimm in frantic haste.

"Charley," he said excitedly when he got Grimm on the line, "I've landed the greatest young pitcher in the country for you. I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it. He struck out every man who came to bat—twenty-seven men in succession in nine innings!

"Nobody could touch him. Nobody even got a foul until two were out in the ninth. The pitcher is right here with me. What shall I do?"

Back came Grimm's voice over the long distance line:

"We're looking for hitters. Sign up the guy who got the foul."

### Rolling Along

► ROLLER SKATING has become a tremendously popular American pastime, bringing high profits to the proprietors of skating rinks. By Howard Cohn in "Sportfolio":

Once upon a time, way back in the 1930's, most American adults regarded roller skates with the same mixture of respect and fear accorded fallen banana peels. But today the lowly roller skate has moved up from city sidewalks to elaborate palaces, called rinks, and they spin not only on the feet of youngsters but on the tootsies of more than 17,000,000 persons in every age group from three to ninety.

Actually, the rise of roller skating in this country partially resulted from the immense popularity of the ice sport. Ice skating enthusiasts, often hampered by lack of arena space, decided to give the wooden wheels a try and soon found they provided a suitable outlet for their athletic urges.

The desire to skate competitively attracts a fair percentage of skaters, but the overwhelming majority of roller addicts take up the sport as a highly enjoyable, comparatively inexpensive, year-around form of recreation. The price for an average pair of rink skates, including the shoes and the skates, runs from \$15 to \$20. Competitive and show skaters usually pay around \$35 a pair. The rollers on privately owned skates are made of maple wood, while fiber wheels are used on rink rental skates because they wear longer.



# Books

Edited by Augustine P. Hennessy, C.P.

## THE MORE PERFECT UNION

By R. M. MacIver. 311 pages.

The Macmillan Co.

\$4.00

Professor MacIver, one of the few outstanding sociologists of our day, set himself the task of making an impartial study of the various forms of prejudice against certain minorities in the United States, the cause of prejudice, how it is fostered by propaganda and other means, and what might be practical and sensible solutions of many diverse kinds.

The author realizes that knowledge of the evil of prejudiced conditions is not enough to create zeal for their elimination. He sees clearly that the heart and the will must enter in. He also sees that one can legitimately make use of scientific knowledge to change the hearts of those who are tainted by this subtly unchristian vice.

How does he propose to effect this change? First, he would have men of good will analyze the situation scientifically. Here the author has himself done over 90 per cent of the spade work in logically developed chapters. Then, he would have them scientifically use all possible strategy—religious, psychological, economic, political, legislative, educational—to stop discrimination and thus effect that union of heart and mind which will not only make Americans a more truly united nation, but which will permeate even non-Christians with the Christian spirit of brotherly love. Here, too, the author proposes for our consideration many valuable suggestions.

EVA J. ROSS

## TALLEYRAND

By Louis Madelin. 320 pages.

Roy Publishers

\$3.50

If a completely satisfactory biography of Talleyrand is never written, it will be less the fault of his biographers than of the complex nature of their subject, which lends itself so easily to violently opposed interpretations. M. Madelin's Talleyrand emerges much more the "tireless schemer" and much less the "eminent statesman" of Duff Cooper and Guglielmo Ferrero. The author



R. M. MacIVER

deals with the traditionally controversial portions of the career of the ex-Bishop of Autun, almost consistently in an unfavorable light. Little is presented that is not already known of the great intriguer, and frequently M. Madelin leans on sources admittedly anti-Talleyrand. On the other hand, the Minister's responsibility for the assassination of the Duke d'Enghien and his approval of Napoleon's invasion of Spain are quite convincingly treated.

The sordid details of a completely amoral and unscrupulous career are retold in a very readable style. Talleyrand's ability to "ride the crest of the waves," his many survivals amid new arrivals that began with the French Revolution and ended during the July Monarchy, read like a fairytale. Of particular interest is M. Madelin's account of Talleyrand's attempt to use the Concordat of 1801 to regularize his situation as an unfrocked priest. The adamant stand of Pope Pius VII in the face of this trickery resulted in a complete defeat for one who was accustomed to victory.

This contribution by one of France's most eminent historians is welcome indeed, although it probably raises as many questions as it answers. Talleyrand, we suspect, would have it thus.

CHARLES BRUDERLE

## HARRY TRUMAN—PRESIDENT

By Frank McNaughton and Walter Hehmyer. 294 pages.

McGraw-Hill Book Co.

\$3.00

Frank McNaughton and Walter Hehmyer, also the authors of *This Man Truman*, a study of President Truman's career prior to the Presidency, have attempted in this second work "a realistic appraisal of his administration." Both men have had an unusual opportunity to know the President; the former having covered his political career since 1936 as a newspaperman and the latter serving as staff member of the Truman Congressional Committee investigating the National Defense program.

The book is divided into four parts: the reluctant, humble assumption of the Presidency, the handling of international relations, the complexities of domestic problems, and finally an evaluation of the Chief Executive as a man.

This is more than the story of Harry Truman. It is a contribution to the growing body of "inside" information now being made public on the Roosevelt era, legend, and the men who made it. It presents interesting characterizations of personalities still on the Presidential and Washington scene: James F. Byrnes, Arthur H. Vandenberg, Henry A. Wallace, Robert A. Taft, John L. Lewis, David E. Lilienthal, and many others.

Although the authors present Mr. Truman's Presidency in a sympathetic vein, they do not fail to point out his mistakes and defeats as well as his victories, giving the background for the ebb and flow of his personal popularity. Not only do they show that "to err is Truman" but in the process highlight the complexities and difficulties which make the American Presidency one of the most exacting jobs in the world.

This analysis of the last three years of our history should serve as good background material for an intelligent citizen's weighing of issues and personalities before that eventful Tuesday after the first Monday in November, 1948.

DORIS GANNON DUFFY

## THE MEMOIRS OF CORDELL HULL

Two volumes. 1,804 pages.

The Macmillan Co.

\$10.50

When a man has spent twelve years as Secretary of State, years most critical for his country and for the world, that man's memoirs when published take on the aspect of a major historical monument.

And that is precisely what these two tedious volumes are. Unlike many monuments, however, there is little of the esthetic or the beautiful to delight. Reading these pages is a plodding affair. Many a doctoral dissertation is more exciting, more absorbing. And yet no one who would lay claim to a fair knowledge of the United States' foreign relations during the war years and the half decade or so preceding them can afford to ignore this informative record.



CORDELL HULL

That Mr. Hull was a great statesman some may doubt. That he was an honest man, a person of much integrity and vast devotion to duty, no one can deny. That he was always as right as he is drawn in his memoirs would seem impossible. Born in the backwoods of Tennessee in 1871, at the age of sixteen he was already in politics. By the time he was thirty-one he was a judge. Washington was the scene of his public life from 1907 on. Being what might be described as a conservative liberal, it was Hull who had much to do with putting Roosevelt in the White House and ashes of defeat in the mouth of Al Smith who had been one time called the Happy Warrior. In return, FDR made Hull Secretary of State.

Hull had many dislikes, and his memoirs are waspish when he writes of Raymond Moley or Sumner Welles or Henry Morgenthau. He seems unable to forget injury and eager to give praise to those he liked. His great loyalty was for the late President Roosevelt, and he dwells with almost maudlin affection over the slightest token of appreciation Roosevelt ever gave.

It is a pity the more deeply realized in reading of the struggle for the Trade Agreements Act, that this crowning achievement of Mr. Hull's public life should at this moment be in such dire danger. Republican Congressmen could well read these chapters with conscience exposed.

As a document these memoirs are of major import. As summer reading let the buyer beware.

DAVID BULMAN, C.P.

## HOW TO ENJOY POETRY

By Robert Farren. 288 pages.

Sheed & Ward.

\$3.00

Down the centuries the isle of saints and scholars has also been the home of great and numerous poets. "Intense cultivation of the art of poetry was one of the virtues of the Gaelic order of life; and the labor of centuries has made the people poetic," writes Robert Farren, Dublin's poet. His four books of poetry prove convincingly that the native music of the Gael has been wafted ingeniously across his own lyre, enriching Ireland and the world with new poetic inspiration and delight.

In *How To Enjoy Poetry* the author undertakes the role of teacher and enthusiast, for he would have us share with him the wealth of all poetry through its better understanding and consequent enjoyment. For this purpose he analyzes the meaning of verse and considers the qualities of concreteness, rhythm, and euphony. He cites four good reasons for much unpopularity of poet-

ry; its inherent difficulties; the poet's lack of place and recognition in modern society; the tragic misteaching of poetry in the schools; the confinement of poetry to print.

Now all this may appear technical, even in its very enumeration, but in the skilled and delicate hands of Mr. Farren's artistry, all theory, analysis, explanation, and research are rubbed clean of pedantic dust and emerge as new, refreshing, colorful, vital experiences. This is no dry text but a most readable and original guide to poetry, as thrilling as any novel, as inspirational and satisfying as a long night sat out under the stars and at the feet of an entranced bard. The book reads like the outpouring of one whose mind knows well the origin and fabric of poetry, whose heart is filled with love and reverence for poetic beauty as conceived in imagery and declared to the world in the sacred, life-giving word.

NORBERT HERMAN, C.P.

## RETURN TO TRADITION

By Francis Beauchesne Thornton.

926 pages. The Bruce Publishing Company.

\$8.50

Here is a single stout volume which for many of us will outweigh Dr. Eliot's Five Foot Shelf and generate more light and heat than the random reading of a hundred Great Books sponsored even by the University of Chicago. For here we have an anthology of "absolute values" but amazing variety: expertly chosen excerpts from work which grew organically out of the great Catholic Revival of the past hundred years. Writers as contrasting as Cardinal Newman, Eric Gill, and Heywood Broun, as Alice Meynell and Joyce Kilmer or Paul Claudel and Bruce Marshall meet, because, as Frank O'Malley points out in his spirited Introduction, "complete and genuine concepts of God, Man and the Universe" underlie all their art.

There is also an admirable introductory essay by the editor himself. He traces the story of Catholic literature from the times when it included all the literature of the Western World, through the tragic break of the Reformation, and into the time when men began to rediscover what Chesterton called the "thrilling romance of orthodoxy"—having learned what our own age so eloquently illustrates, that the lack of definite ideals brings not only confusion but chaos.

Father Thornton gives us apologetics, history, and fiction, poetry, biography, and the essay—all richly sampled with brief but discerning biographical sketches of the authors. Part I covers the

English Revival from Lingard to such dissimilar contemporaries as Belloc and Graham Greene. Part II treats of the French Influence from Baudelaire to Maritain—and Saint Therese of Lisieux. In Part III we have the Irish Revival, from Mangan to Robert Farren; and in Part IV a comprehensive survey of the American Revival, all the way from Orestes Brownson to the young poet Robert Lowell and the young novelist Joseph Dever. Also, there is a supplement on the literature of the Liturgical Revival.

Catholic students and readers will not be the only ones to find between these covers an incredible sum of instruction and delight. They will find the return to orthodoxy both a rein and a spur.

KATHERINE BREGY

## PATRICK CALLS ME MOTHER

By Ann Barley. 227 pages.

Harper & Brothers.

\$2.75

When an unmarried American girl announces that she is going to adopt a European war orphan and goes in person to make her choice, one may expect anything to happen. And quite a lot did happen to Ann Barley before she succeeded in acquiring the nine-month-old German Michel whom two brash GI friends from her Paris hotel promptly rechristened "Patrick."



Ann Barley

Against the general background of cold, hunger, misery, disorganization, and omnipresent red tape which represented postwar Europe, she has projected a lively account of her search for a suitable child, first in Holland, then in France. In Holland she was taken in tow by the energetic and locally famous Mrs. Wijsmuller—"something of a clown, a great deal of a mother." Unsuccessful there, she looked about in France, where she was outraged by American lack of concern for the responsibilities so casually acquired by our army.

With skill born of her career as writer for magazines, radio, and Army shows, Miss Barley tells a story that is alternately bright, tender, serious, and amusing. It is sometimes too consciously clever, and there are many who will find fault with the author's choice. However, most readers will be charmed by the young Patrick and be equally convinced of his mother's sincerity of purpose.

GENEVIEVE WRIGHT STEIGER

## THE IRON CURTAIN

By Igor Gouzenko. 279 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co.

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is a man of the people who sincerely believed that by wholeheartedly adhering to the Soviet ideology he was advancing the cause of mankind. He had been told that people outside of Russia lived in misery and oppression; blind to the misery and oppression in their own country, millions of young Russians like him were convinced that all means justified the glorious end: a classless society united in a happy pursuit of life.

Igor Gouzenko's first contact with the miserable capitalistic world on his arrival in Canada shattered his belief in Soviet ideology. He saw a land of plenty, people conscious of their human rights and freely exercising them, workers living in their own houses and enjoying all the benefits of civilization. It was the greatest shock of his life; and he reacted just as violently by renouncing his allegiance to a regime that had built a wall of deceit around his native country.

The iron curtain, he points out, is not only a matter of political and military power, but of gradual isolation and slavery. A country is cut off first from the outside world; then its intelligentsia are exterminated or compelled to play the insidious part of enthusiastic admirers; and as soon as the social fabric has been irremediably torn to pieces, the disorganized masses can be managed by means of terror and ideological indoctrination.

Gouzenko's exposure of Soviet spy methods is too widely known to be mentioned here. It is the climax of his story, the story of the Russian people who speak through him of their woeful existence behind the iron curtain of despotism.

JOHN FERMATT

**TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF  
CRUSADING**

By Raymond P. Witte, S.M. 275 pages.  
National Catholic Rural Life Conference.  
\$3.00

After John Buchan (Lord Tweedsmuir) had been through the English universities, he took work for a time as a land settlement officer in South Africa. Here, he later told in his memoirs, he ran across a great section of knowledge and human experience of which the universities were innocent. He could only designate it as *rural wisdom*.

Wisdom is the word.

The National Catholic Rural Life Conference has been propounding rural wisdom for twenty-five years, and here is the story of it very simply told. Its origins, its aims and philosophy, educational methods, its crusading army, its achievements are all accounted for. We learn something of its leading spirits—from its Founder, Bishop O'Hara of Kansas City to its widely known Executive Secretary, Msgr. Luigi Ligutti. Brother Witte, who is a Marianist, has performed a scholarly labor of love.

The wallop behind these 275 pages of laboriously gathered information comes only when one considers the reason for the crusade at all: briefly, the Catholic Church in the United States has been an urban institution. City population does not reproduce itself. We are defending a diminishing rampart.

The motivation is strong with the instinct of life. Twenty-five years is a short time in the search of wisdom, sociological or otherwise, and it may be hard to measure the practical effects. But when young priests and nuns rise to prefer rural charges and become country-minded, a great change has begun.

The world looks to America for machines—for progress so-called. It is going to look also for ideas on some of the problems that the machine brings. It is going to look to America for wisdom. In the landward movement is sociological wisdom. Every country needs its counterpart of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference.

GEORGE BOYLE

**THE MASQUERADE IN SPAIN**

By Charles Foltz, Jr. 375 pages.  
Houghton, Mifflin Co. \$4.00

Strange as it may sound, Francisco Franco should be grateful to writers like Charles Foltz, Jr. In *The Masquerade in Spain* Mr. Foltz has made no effort to conceal his bitter hatred for the Franco regime.

He has set out to put into the record every scrap of evidence calculated to damage Franco's case. But, although he may be opposed to dictatorship, however benevolent, the unbiased reader is forced to conclude from such a book that Franco's worst enemies can bring only a weak indictment against him.

Mr. Foltz, who spent five years in Spain as an AP representative and is now European editor of *World Report*, begins with the assumption that the government which Franco overthrew was a legitimate one. He, therefore, makes the famous pastoral which the Spanish Bishops issued in September 1937 appear to be a piece of anti-Loyalist propaganda. He quotes none of the evidence they gave to prove that the elections of 1936 were fraudulent. Nor does he mention the very important fact that a book was published in 1938 containing messages supporting the stand of the Spanish episcopacy from nearly nine hundred cardinals, archbishops, and bishops throughout the world, a book which prompted the present Holy Father, as the then Papal Secretary of State, to comment: "The wide, favorable, and friendly reception accorded to this important document has long been



Charles Foltz



known to the Supreme Pontiff . . . His Holiness took note of the noble motives which inspired the original message . . ."

Mr. Foltz makes a great deal of Franco's relations with Hitler's Germany, but the violence with which Goebbels' recently published secret diary denounces Franco's lack of co-operation with the Nazis gives the other side of the picture. While Churchill, in his currently published memoirs, speaks of "Franco's armies driving deep into the territory of *Communist Spain*," Mr. Foltz chooses to play down this aspect of the Spanish Civil War.

Mr. Foltz seems to find it intolerable that Spain is not yet Utopia. He appears to be outraged that the country contains prisons, one of which he was even allowed to inspect. He is overcome with anger that Spain's politics are not beyond criticism. The passion with which writers like Mr. Foltz discuss this small, nonaggressive country of twenty-six million people is one of the most significant psychological facts of our time.

BERTRAND WEAVER C.P.

### SAINT LOUIS DE MONTFORT

By George Rigault. 178 pages. *The Montfort Fathers*. \$2.00

An ever-widening circle of de Montfort devotees will welcome this biography. With strict fidelity to the record, it reveals what manner of man he was.

Louis Marie Grignon de Montfort is no saint for a sentimentalist. He was a Breton, hard-bitten by austerity and rebuffs. The Sulpicians in his native country were not sure of him. The Jansenists and Gallicanists distrusted him. But he had a way of winning his battles. His weapons were the Hail Mary and the crucifix.

Sometimes even his religious superiors found him brushing them the wrong way. He had a short temper and could be obstinate. But he conquered himself and then overcame demons. He did all this by an undeviating devotion "to Christ through Mary." In his struggles against the vices and vanities of his day, he shrank from neither insult nor obstacle. He forbade salacious dancing, stopped tippling and suppressed Sunday frivolity. He invaded taverns and brothels, scourging their frequenters with the whiplash of the Rosary.

Doggedly he clung to his Secret: "To go to Jesus we must go to Mary; she is our mediatrix of intercession; to reach the eternal Father we must go to Jesus, our mediator of redemption." Such was his True Devotion. It startled some theologians, but they came to discover that it was grounded securely upon the Scriptures and the Fathers.

The letters, lyrics, and last will of this saint form a striking testament. For the spiritually alert, this is a book which, once sampled, will not be put

aside until finished. Once finished, it will be read again. And it will remain in the heart, a salt of purification against the licentiousness of our own time.

CLIFFORD J. LAUBE

### RICHEST OF THE POOR

By Theodore Maynard. 225 pages. *Doubleday & Co.* \$3.00

A new life of St. Francis of Assisi is always welcome, not only because of its attractive subject but also because of the opportunity it provides for discovering whether a balance has been struck between the fabulous and the factual. For, as Mr. Maynard says in his introduction, Franciscan material is meager at some points, and there is always the danger of exaggeration at some other points to make up for it. *Richest of the Poor* does have a fine balance and affords a satisfying perspective of the saint's relation to his times, when trials as well as joys had to be expected in the consolidation of his Order. The general reader will come from it with a better understanding of the chronological and spiritual place St. Francis occupies in the Church.

Much of the success of the book, a beautiful edition, must be attributed to the fact that Mr. Maynard can be as delightful about the saint's friendship with a cicada as he can be tart about the unjust criticism of ecclesiastical authorities who supposedly compromised primitive Franciscan "freedom" in later years. His quiet scholarship furnishes enough documentary evidence to support his points, and the whole book has a pleasing solidity, based as it is on classic Franciscan sources. St. Clare's story is told, too, and the origins of the Third Order explained. Most moving is the account of the stigmata. Most memorable is the humility of the saint which made him the poorest of the rich as well as the richest of the poor.

ELDA TANASSO

### THE IMAGE OF HIS MAKER

By Robert E. Brennan, O.P. 338 pages. *The Bruce Publishing Co.* \$3.25

Spade work is always difficult. Laying a foundation whether for a house or for knowledge is a laborious process. Yet Father Brennan's latest book seems to be the exception. He lays the foundation for a study of psychology in such a clear, lucid manner that the beginner is apt to believe that the subject is relatively easy. He deliberately avoids the jargon of the schools, and endeavors to explain the nature of man so that the average reader (that mysterious creature) might understand. His charts, especially in the book's first part, are a great aid.

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In the first section there is an excellent analysis of the physical make-up of man explaining the marvelous workings of the organs and the nervous system. After establishing the physical structure, he goes on to discuss the soul as the form of the body, and the interrelation of soul and body which constitute the creature—man. He outlines the function of the senses, instincts, etc., showing just what man has in common with the lower grades of creation up to the study of the intellect and knowledge where man, in a feeble but nevertheless real way, joins company with the angels. The concluding part deals with freedom, the virtues, and personality.

The book abounds in clear definitions and apt illustrations. His treatment of knowledge and the operations of the soul are simple and direct, intended for the average reader. However there are some philosophical discussions in the book that the ordinary person will not understand unless he has a rudimentary knowledge of philosophy. The author concludes his thesis with a helpful bibliography designed for progressive study.

Father Brennan has done the spade work in a most attractive and understandable manner. His book not only provides a rudimentary knowledge of psychology, but it leaves one with a thirst to drink more abundantly and deeply at the well of knowledge.

WILFRED SCANLON, C.P.

### HEART IN PILGRIMAGE

By Evelyn Eaton and Edward Roberts Moore. 273 pages. Harper & Brothers. \$2.75

The people who referred to Elizabeth Seton and her sister-in-law Rebecca as "the Protestant Sisters of Charity" because of their many generous works among the unfortunate, could not know that in a few short years one of them would not only become a Roman Catholic, but also the foundress of an order of nuns whose name was to be the Sisters of Charity. Elizabeth Bayley Seton was that woman.



Msgr. Moore

The familiar story of the beautiful New York socialite who lost fortune, family, and friends in heartbreaking succession, but found another fortune, family, and friends in the Catholic Church is dramatically told in this swift-moving and enjoyable novel by Evelyn Eaton and Monsignor Edward Roberts Moore. The book is never maudlin nor pietistic, but manages to present an incredible woman in completely credible dimension.

No more felicitous medium than the novel exists with which to enhance the stories of great religious leaders. It

permits the writer freedom to invest his characters with all the human colors and movement necessary to bring them out of the remote and unreal realm of plaster images and make them real, living, potent personalities, akin to contemporary humanity by reason of a common bond of frailty and heroism. Mother Seton's life lends itself admirably to the novelist's pen, with its romantic marriage between New York's first families, the making and unmaking of great fortunes, Elizabeth's struggle to support herself and five children after her husband's bankruptcy and death, her reception into the Catholic Faith in the face of bitter family denunciation and social ostracism, and her eventual foundation of the Sisters of Charity in Emmitsburg under the patronage of Bishop Carroll.

Most dramatic of all, both for Elizabeth's spiritual rebirth and as a challenge to the novelist's skill, is her sojourn in Italy and her association there with her dead husband's friend, Antonio Filicci, whose love, prayers, and instruction bring her to the true Church. This is a difficult, delicate theme, requiring great tact and fine discrimination to keep it free from misunderstanding. This the authors have succeeded in doing.

FORTUNATA CALIRI

### THE FIRST FREEDOM

By Wilfrid Parsons, S.J. 178 pages.

The Declan X. McMullen Co. \$2.25

It is one of the ironies of American History that the First Amendment, which was originally designed to protect all religions, has gradually been given a secularist meaning which amounts to saying that no religion is worth protecting. A Constitutional principle which forbade the Federal Government to give preferential treatment to any one religion has been distorted so that it is turned into a national confirmation of the Liberal Protestant theory that religion is a purely private matter about which the state should not concern itself. A theological content has been attached to a political principal, and the result is mental confusion such as has been evidenced in recent decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States.

With brilliant logic and impressive marshalling of historical facts, Father Parsons has explored the true meaning of the First Amendment and traced the source of the liberalistic influence which has produced the distortion frequently bedeviling the minds of so-called intellectuals when they talk about the "separation of Church and state." The attitude which makes it a crime for the Federal Government to favor religion as such, is proven to be unhistorical and un-American. And the pseudo liberals who, in opposing parochial schools, want to give the state a monopoly over

his education are revealed for what they are - illogical bigots or thoughtless repeaters of a shibboleth which they do not understand.

AUGUSTINE P. HENNESSY, C.P.

## SHORT NOTICES

**THE DIVINE COMEDY.** By Dante Alighieri. New Translation by Lawrence Grant White. 188 pages. Pantheon Books. \$6.50. Dante's Christian classic becomes available here in blank verse which is majestic, forceful, and clear. And Mr. White's absorbing translation is embodied in an unusually attractive piece of book production. Sixty-nine full-page illustrations by Gustave Doré add to the beauty of the book and bear graphic witness to the power and perceptiveness of the Florentine poet's timeless message to men.

**THE BOOK OF PSALMS IN LATIN AND ENGLISH.** By Ronald Knox. 451 pages. Sheed & Ward. \$5.00. In his *Retreat For Priests* Monsignor Knox has an inspiring conference on the Breviary as the prayerbook admirably adapted to meeting every emotional need of the Christian's spirit of devotion. In offering this convenient pocket-size edition of the new Latin translation of the Psalms together with the Monsignor's illuminating English rendering of them, the publishers do a service for those priests and laymen who are looking for a pleasurable way of learning more about that small heritage of literally inspired poetry which has enriched the heart of man from King David's day to our own.

### MEDITATIONS ON CHRISTIAN DOGMA.

By James Bellord. Two volumes. 732 pages. \$7.50. Fifty years ago when Cardinal Vaughan wrote an introductory letter to Father Bellord's *Meditations on Christian Dogma*, he remarked that the great merit of Louis Bail's *La Théologie Affective*, upon which the work was based, was that it was "dogmatic theology brought home to the heart and affections." Bail, a seventeenth-century theologian, presented the *Summa Theologica* of St. Thomas in meditation form. Father Bellord, in adapting the work to the needs of English readers, preserved the general order of St. Thomas' work and arranged his material according to the Sulpician method of practicing mental prayer. These volumes would still be rated heavy and demanding according to our present-day notions of a meditation book, but for those who want meaty aids to mental prayer, *Meditations on Christian Dogma* presents an almost inexhaustible source from which they can draw enlightenment and inspiration.

### REVIEWERS

GEORGE BOYLE, former editor of the *Maritime Co-operator*, is author of *Democracy's Second Chance*.

KATHERINE BREGY, Litt.D., literary critic and poetess, wrote *The Poets' Chantry, Ladders and Bridges*, and *Poets and Pilgrims*.

CHARLES BRUDERLE, M.A., is a member of the History Faculty at Villanova College.

FORTUNATA CALIRI, M.A., teaches English at Mt. Saint Mary's College, Hooksett, N. H.

DORIS G. DUFFY, Ph.D., author of *The Role of Government in Labor-Management Production Committees*, teaches Economics at Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart.

JOHN FERMATT is a close student of international affairs.

EVA J. ROSS, Ph.D., book editor of the *American Catholic Sociological Review*, has recently published another textbook, *Sociology and Social Problems*.



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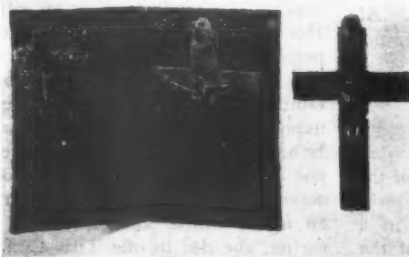
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# FICTION IN FOCUS

by JOHN S. KENNEDY

## The End by Hugh Venning

► Turning a hard look at the world in the 1940's, the author undertakes to trace present tendencies to their logical conclusion a century hence. A new Roman emperor is supreme everywhere save over England and the Catholic countries (Ireland, Poland, and French Canada). In England there is pious talk of freedom, but benevolently masked state control prevails. Religion is only a vague memory. The Roman emperor, who has already expelled the Pope, wipes out the Catholic countries, causing the English to stir from their lethargy and protest. They rally to firm opposition when the emperor, taking over St. Peter's, proclaims himself the divine Christ and demands worship of all mankind. Meanwhile a strange person from Palestine, Mr. Emanuel, is causing some commotion in London by his street preaching and exemplification of the Gospel of the true Christ. The emperor directs the prime minister to seize and hand over this dangerous agitator. The prime minister does not comply. Rather, along with many others, ranging from the king to ragged cockney children, he submits to Christ as the climactic warfare with Antichrist comes to its peak and issue.

This is one of the most striking novels in years. Its theme is not new, but the treatment is superb. Dramatic, it is never extravagant; it never violates credibility, but has a rigorous logic, a chilling inevitability. Mr. Emanuel is a triumph of fictional portraiture, and the weaving of Gospel themes into his career is remarkably good. In their several ways, the other characters are quite as well done. The writing is excellent, alive with delightful wit. Altogether, a masterly performance, not to be missed.

(Desmond and Stapleton, \$3.00)

## The Wandering Osprey

by Dorothy Mackinder

► This is a story of sacrifice and of the authentic Catholic spirit at work in a society nominally Catholic. Set in a provincial French town, it tells of the love of Pierre Hirondele and Justine Pastoral. In revolt against the smug materialism of local society, Pierre has gone to Paris to be a journalist. Returning for a funeral, he renews his acquaintance with Justine, and they fall in love. Their marriage is opposed by

the families, because Pierre is regarded as raffish and visionary. Gossip, malice, and mischief, together with the invalidism of Justine's mother, part the couple. Years pass. Pierre achieves fame and pursues his mission of spiritually awakening dormant souls. Justine, devout and devoted to her mean and fussy mother, becomes, behind her mask of serenity, embittered. But after a long trial, the two are reunited.

Miss Mackinder is, as she has already proved, skillful in depicting the Catholic bourgeoisie of France, with its complacency and careful calculations. She is also adept in showing the effect of unhobbled faith and genuine charity on this element. She writes with clarity and neatness. In the present case, her story is more than a little factitious and pat, especially in the happy solution of each of the several problems involved in the rather elaborate plot. It is, however, no mean pleasure to read a novel which is concerned with profound realities and handles these so well in terms of fiction.

(Bruce, \$2.50)

## The Foolish Gentlewoman

by Margery Sharp

► While considerably better than mere diversion, this novel is curiously disappointing. It takes an unconscionably long time to get started and, at its conclusion, one feels it unfinished. The difficulty is one of seeming indecision on the author's part; it appears that she nowhere determined just how to focus her story. In itself, it is unhackneyed and full of glints of wisdom as well as of humor, but it is far from crisply told.

The foolish gentlewoman is Isabel Brocken, a kindly widow of fifty-five. Her woolly-mindedness exasperates her precise brother-in-law, Simon, temporarily staying at her home near London. Other members of the household are her nephew and her youthful companion. Isabel hears in a sermon that time does not dissipate the malice of wrongful actions, and is conscience-stricken over an injury which, some thirty-five years earlier, she did to one Tilly Cuff. She now insists on inviting Tilly to live with her and on making over to Tilly all her money. This resolution causes consternation, which is made the worse and fired with fury when Tilly arrives, is found to be obnoxious, and proceeds to throw the placid house into an uproar.

How peace is restored constitutes the denouement, an ingenious and plausible one, but, like so much of the work, not sufficiently clear-cut and succinct.

Miss Sharp has brought together a company of strangely assorted but intriguing characters, devised for them situations rich in comedy and not devoid of pathos, and brought off many a palpable hit in her dialogue. But her novel does not have the punch and pace of her best performances.

(Little, Brown, \$3.00)

## The Outer Edges by Charles Jackson

► Mr. Jackson's purpose is to show that the perpetrator of a vile and sensation-ally publicized double murder may be far less malicious, far less a sinner than respectable people whose evil-doing is conventional and undisclosed. The killer is a dim-witted youth who steals an automobile, picks up two children, violates and dispatches them. The case touches many lives, directly or indirectly. Those whom it somehow affects are horrified, but in their own souls there is more culpable corruption than the celebrated crime involves. Thus, an airline executive who saw the murder car is ruining his marriage by infidelity and endangering his daughter's life by capricious overpossessiveness. A bored married woman of wealth and leisure who was accosted by the murderer is seeking an affair with a vicious philanderer. An intelligent college student who avidly reads news accounts of the case subscribes to a philosophy rotten with perversity. And so forth.

The central idea, so variously illustrated, is sound and striking. As worked out by Mr. Jackson it becomes an indictment of contemporary society and a warning against intellectually and socially accepted abuses which are morally reprehensible. Given the objective and the method adopted by the author, the narrative is choppy and, even from the point of view of drama, centrifugal. A tighter patterning would have made it more taut and meaningful. A minor question mark must be set against the altogether perfunctory preaching put in the mouth of a priest attempting to comfort the bereaved father.

(Rinehart, \$2.75)

## The Naked and the Dead

by Norman Mailer

► This gargantuan war novel, dealing with an infantry reconnaissance platoon on an island in the Pacific, raises interesting questions concerning truth in fiction. The book is said to be remarkably accurate in reproducing the thinking, speech, actions of soldiers. Veterans, reading this transcript of emotions, prejudices, clichés, obscenity, and other filth, say, "Yes, this is precisely as it was.

The report is stenographic." One does not challenge such expert testimony. Yet one doubts that the relentlessly realistic author has told all concerning his characters, that he has penetrated beyond appearances and surface action to the essence and the secret of the several men of whom he constructs so heavily and plausibly documented a semblance. He excels in photography, but is he an artist? Moreover, one senses that this mass of microscopic material has been arranged to fit a thesis with which the author began. His thesis has to do with American life and its shaping in the postwar period; it is the sort of thesis which make "left" and "right" in the political sense absolute norms. Rigorous, indeed violent, oversimplification is used in establishing and illustrating it. It is not, objectively, true, any more than the minutely detailed portraiture is true.

Mr. Mailer is a notably gifted young man who has written a very raw book. It is raw not merely in the sense of being rough and crude, but also in the sense of being unrefined by depth of perception and profundity of understanding. (Rinehart, \$4.00)

#### The Nazarovs by Markoosha Fischer

► Fifty years of Russian history (1892-1942) are covered in this novel by a Russian-born writer who lived through, and sympathized with, the Bolshevik Revolution. At the start the Nazarovs are a wealthy business family in Moscow in the days of czarist absolutism. The members of the family and the people they marry represent every shade of opinion and sympathy, from aristocratic reactionary to radical Communist. The revolution of 1918 brings a complete break with the past and the inauguration of a drastically different society which is reputedly the freest and most progressive in history. After Lenin's death, in 1924, Stalin perverts the revolution and ruthlessly drives toward totalitarian tyranny, with himself absolute and all but deified. His is a regime of the most monstrous capriciousness, a betrayal of what Lenin began.

This thesis Mrs. Fischer has already argued in her autobiographical *My Lives in Russia*. Her firsthand evidence of life under Stalin is valuable and impressive. But she is unaware of the fundamental and inextricable errors in Communist philosophy which made so cruel and anti-human an outcome inevitable, whether or not there had ever been a Stalin. The deplorable results are inherent in the first principles, as anyone perspicacious as to truth and the moral law must see. As a novel, this book is clumsy and flat, but it does give an obviously authentic view of Russian life in the past half-century. (Harper, \$3.00)

July, 1948

# Christmas Club for Christ



Dear Members,

Eight young Passionist Missionaries are sailing for China this month. Theirs will be a dangerous life. As you know, the Communist armies are fighting hard to dominate the Chinese nation. But God's work must go on despite the evil plans of irreligious men.

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## CHARITY WITH THE ZEST OF YOUTH

(Continued from page 49)

a proud record to review. Over \$130,000 had been collected in Catholic colleges from Maine to California, both those affiliated with the Federation and those which remained nonmembers. Totals were still mounting steadily, and before the last Campaign report was written in June, 75 per cent of the Catholic colleges were represented in the \$160,000 total.

The smallest Catholic college in the country had stepped forward to take first place among all others in the field of fund raising. Manor College, Philadelphia, with an enrollment of ten, had contributed \$588.50, an average of \$58.85 a student!

Notre Dame, with \$32,600, held laurels for the largest single contribution from any college.

On the foreign scene praises were ringing for the Student Relief program. Hierarchy, students, and relief administrators paid tribute to its unique advantages; the handclasp of youth had bridged the continents to restore faith and hope. Father Fabian Flynn, C. P., wrote from Germany: "These gifts of Catholic American youth have added punch to my preaching."

Chinese students had received vitamin pills which supply essential food values lacking in their diet. The student "mensae" or soup kitchens in Germany had been stocked with basic foodstuffs which could supplement the ordinary student diet of two daily servings of soup and black bread.

Clothing went to Poles who had known winter only as their relentless enemy and in Italy, France, Belgium, and Austria the DP students—those with no source of aid from relatives, friends, or country—were given emergency assistance.

Perhaps equally as important as the results on the foreign scene were the effects of the Campaign on our own Catholic college students. These future lay leaders had been trained in united action toward a Christian goal.

There is cause for gratification in such a record as this. Abstract principles had been emphasized in their specific application, and the action taken on them reflected a heart-warming human sympathy. In this disordered and reeling modern world, the realistic offering of Catholic youth has assumed an aspect of bright promise. Borrowing a line from the anthem of the International Union of Catholic students, "Gaudeamus Igitur"—therefore let us rejoice!



# LETTERS



## Marshall Plan and Spain—Con.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I have desisted from the idea of propagating THE SIGN, as I do not care to have the air of assuming seriously that Franco's government and people "alone defeated in battle the cruel plans of Moscow." What this government and people have defeated, and not alone, but with the Nazi Condor Legion bombers and the Italian Fascist Legionaries, soldiers and tanks, are Spanish democrats, from anti-clericals to fervent Catholics. They have murdered many thousands more democrats than Communists. Of my Galician friends they have barbarously slaughtered, none was a Communist.

The only time they have fought real Communists was when they sent the Blue Legion to Russia to fight the Allies and try to help the Nazis to win the war.

Even now the only cause they indirectly promote is Communism, as they do not allow any kind of opposition and thus the only Spaniards who will survive, besides Franquists will be the Communists—the only ones with courage to have recourse to civil illegality and underground work.

J. ALVIS CORRINA

Duquesne University  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

It was extremely disheartening to read John E. Kelly's article "The Marshall Plan Without Spain" in the March issue. He not only misrepresents the primary purpose of the E.R.P. but also suggests the inclusion of a nation whose principles are unchristian as are Russia's. We know what we are against but evidently Mr. Kelly has forgotten what we are for.

HAROLD A. BARLETTA

Bronx, N. Y.

## Marshall Plan and Spain—Pro.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I was much appalled by the vituperous quasi-Bolshevistic tirade delivered by Mr. E. S. Quimby in this column in the June issue and would like to take this opportunity to correct some wrong impressions and mistakes expounded by that gentleman.

(a) The Spanish Civil War was not a result of German, Italian, Gen. Franco's, or Monarchists' machinations but was a counter-revolution brought on by the so-called "reforms" of the Leftist "Republic" that Mr. Quimby upholds.

(b) The "leader" of this counter-revolution was Señor Calvo Sotelo, head of the Rightist party who was assassinated or, I should say, executed by the "Republic's" Security Police. The death of Sotelo was the "match that fired the fuse" and within a week, the Civil War

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was on. After Sotelo's death the mantle of leadership passed to General Sanjurjo who was killed in an airplane accident. Franco succeeded Sanjurjo and shared leadership with General Mola and several other generals and only became supreme leader in October, 1936, when elected to that position by the Junta in Burgos.

(c) It is possible that the Communists only formed 10 per cent of the Spanish Republicans, but then in Eastern Europe, Communist-dominated, the percentage is about the same. The Communists, together with the Socialists, Anarchists, and other Red parties dominated the Spanish labor unions and merely used them as a tool to gain power. When they got to power by dubious electoral methods they promptly instituted a reign of virtual terror. The legally elected President Zamora was deposed to make way for Azaña, and the "Popular Front" confiscated and nationalized practically all industries. Red mobs enjoyed themselves in anticlerical atrocities and the like. Is that "just land and labor laws" and "not acting Communistic" as Mr. Quimby asserts? The Republic in 1936 was outright Red, its customs being sustained by the reign of terror.

If the readers of this column would like to read some unbiased works on Spain concerning the "Republic," the Civil War, and Spain of the present, they should read: "Spanish Rehearsal" by Arnold Lunn, "Spain's Ordeal" by Robert Sencourt, "Wartime Mission in Spain" by Hayes.

Personally, I believe that the overthrow of the Spanish "Republic" was the best possible means of ridding Spain of the Red, Masonic inspired government.

DONALD F. BARRY

Brooklyn, N. Y.

## Marshall Plan and Spain

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I have read both the editorial "Western Europe Without Spain" and "The Marshall Plan Without Spain." Both articles are of great interest and I wish to congratulate you most warmly on the clarity, concision, and vigor with which you present the truth of our situation with respect to the Western World. Seldom have I found a better exposé and more convincing arguments. You have rendered an important service to a cause which is not only that of Spain but also of the peace, progress, and prosperity of our civilized society.

GERMAN BARAIBAR Chargé d' Affaires

Embajada de España Washington, D. C.

## "The Hundred Million"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Our organization desires to express its appreciation of the article entitled "The Hundred Million" by Rev. John A. O'Brien in your May issue. More articles of this type are needed in all Catholic newspapers and magazines to arouse Catholic laymen (who are often very lethargic about their opportunities and responsibilities) to action in the distribution of literature to the millions of non-Catholics who are not affiliated with any church. We made distribution of about 150 mimeographed circulars calling special attention to this article by Father O'Brien.

Very good articles about Catholic doctrines, institutions, and societies often appear in secular

magazines such as *Collier's*, *Life*, *Time*, and *Newsweek*. When such articles appear, we run a classified ad in our local newspaper calling special attention to these articles. Recent examples were "God's Underground in Russia" in the May 29 *Collier's* and a story about the "Christophers" in the May 31 *Newsweek*. Classified ads are also used to remind the general public to listen to the Catholic Hour and other radio programs.

#### CONVERTS TO CATHOLICITY

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#### Federal Aid to Education

##### EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I appreciated your courtesy in reporting my activity on the federal aid to education bill. It was an excellent statement of the case.

In view of recent Supreme Court decisions, there are limits to Congressional action in appropriating funds for non-public schools. I believe, however, that my proposal was Constitutional.

SENATOR BRIEN MAHAON

United States Senate  
Committee on Interstate & Foreign Commerce  
Washington, D. C.

#### Supreme Court and Schools

##### EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I just read that most sane article of Father Parsons, S.J., "No Religion in the Schools?" on that most insane decision of the Supreme Court—and I wonder whether, with Fr. Parsons' permission, you couldn't reprint it in pamphlet form and scatter it far and wide across the country, so that every schoolboy and schoolgirl may know what the Constitution really does mean. Among those "wise" Justices, Justice Reed seems to be the only one who knows what he is talking about. And by all means send one to each Justice!

GENNO SCHUM, C.S.S.R.

Redemptorist Fathers  
Mt. St. Clement's College  
De Soto, Missouri

##### EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Your article entitled "No Religion in the Schools?" in the February issue is deserving of an orchid. We are so glad somebody knows how worthwhile our parochial schools are. I cannot understand these howls about nuns teaching in public schools. If they are good enough to accept such work, where is the harm?

MRS. J. VAN Wassenbrove

Detroit, Mich.

#### A Farmer Disagrees

##### EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I do not wish to continue my subscription to *THE SIGN*, because, as a farmer, I cannot see its anti-farm view.

In editorials in a back number, the Editors tried to justify the Detroit garage mechanics strike, while on another page they called \$.87 a pound for butter in New York an outrage against the public.

The mechanics were already getting \$2.00 per hour. Michigan State College figures show that the average cow will produce about 250 pounds of butter fat per year, and bear in mind that the farmer owns average cows. He cannot afford cows like public supported institutions. Take the above figure and multiply by fifteen—and fifteen cows will make a man step, if he

takes decent care of them, believe me. Take the price of butter and you will see why butter is short, even at \$.90 a pound, because, don't forget, that cows eat and get sick and run up "vet" bills too.

MARION F. ROSS

Coldwater, Michigan

#### Request from England

##### EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Until February of this year I have been able to procure your very grand magazine. After I had read it (including my family) I passed it around amongst my friends. Now we are told that *THE SIGN* cannot be bought over here.

Is there one of your readers who would be so kind as to send me their used copy. Believe me it will be very well read and appreciated. Only today a priest friend took away the February copy and was sad that I cannot pass any more on to him.

May God bless you and your very wonderful magazine.

KATHLEEN ROBERTS

13 Cranston Grove  
Galley-Cheadle  
Cheshire, England

P. S. We groan enough about the shortage of food. But a bigger groan came when no *Sign* was forthcoming.

#### Praise for Fiction

##### EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I must congratulate you on your very excellent fiction. Time was—and not so long ago—when the usual fiction in religious publications was so stultified, so ungrammatical, so plain dull that the reader had to continually spur himself, thinking "but the moral is sound and hence I am being edified, though bored." In "Something to Remember" you have as fast-moving and powerful a story as could be expected in any general lay magazine of mass circulation.

JOHN E. KELLY

Pittsfield, Mass.

#### "The Mona Lisas"

##### EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Lucile Hasley has certainly the wrong slant on nuns and has unfortunately given people, who like herself, have not come in close contact with them, the wrong impression of nuns in general.

For one thing I, who have been in close contact with teaching sisters practically all my life, have yet to see the nun who spends her spare time reading Ellery Queen. There might be one in a hundred!

Evidently Mrs. Hasley has never seen the love and understanding bestowed on some underprivileged child who comes from a home where his parents care not what happens to him, by a nun who has him in school, to say nothing of the spiritual influence she has over her flock.

Lucile Hasley might have meant her manuscript to be on the humorous side, but it touched me as being very disrespectful.

LOUISE KELLY

Haverhill, Mass.

#### Our Lady of Fatima

##### EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I want to second the motion of two of your correspondents, one being Edwin M. Farrell

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(Miss) MARGARET M. PURCELL

East Orange, N. J.

## "Pigtails"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Let me take the opportunity to say that I like your magazine very much, as it covers such a variety of interesting topics and the stories, as a rule, are good. But I must take exception to one called "Pigtails." It had too much of a "Tree Grows in Brooklyn" flavor and was not very suitable for teenagers.

MRS. R. V. MURPHY

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

The short story "Pigtails" by Marilyn Benson gave me a terrible shock. I can still see that poor little child.

I do not mean to tell you how to run your magazine. You do it very capably. Will you please analyze that story and see whether it is conducive to getting new subscribers? Is there something in it that I don't get? I've practiced law for many years but never encountered anything so terrifying as this tale.

WINIFRED McLAUGHLIN

## The Hearst Publications

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I am well aware that THE SIGN is not an organ for the pursuance of controversial opinions, but I would like to refer Paul Hunter to the January issue, and the article by the original writer regarding the politics and prejudices of William Randolph Hearst and his publications.

I quote—"He is either loved or hated. He believes in Americanism first, an understandable philosophy, but he drives it home with such vehemence, etc."

This I consider to be the "wrong thing with the right motive" particularly in these times when Americans are so perplexed. But as Mr. Hunter sees fit to split hairs regarding my knowledge of Hearstian motives, let it be said that the aims promulgated by the Hearst press, the offspring of the brain of the noted publisher, are the cause of my enthusiasm which I believe to be quite obvious in the letter published in THE SIGN.

LILLIAN FREIWALD

Brookline, Mass.

## Editorial Pictures

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

In reading each issue of THE SIGN, I can't help remarking on the quality of your column "Current Fact and Comment." The well-chosen, striking pictures express in themselves what lengthy editorials could not do.

The May issue contains a picture which particularly impresses me—the picture of the Pope leaving the loggia after addressing his flock. To my eyes, this is the best picture I've seen showing the Pope as Spiritual Shepherd and his power in these worldly "temporal" times. The angle is perfect.

FRANCIS X. WALSH

St. Mary's Seminary  
Baltimore 10, Md.

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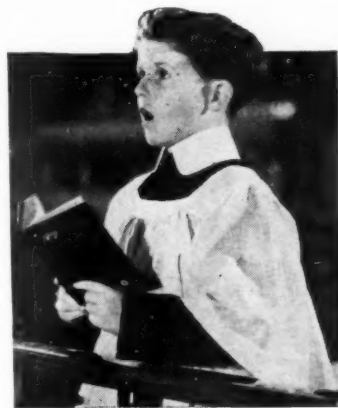
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